MARVEL
$1.50 US
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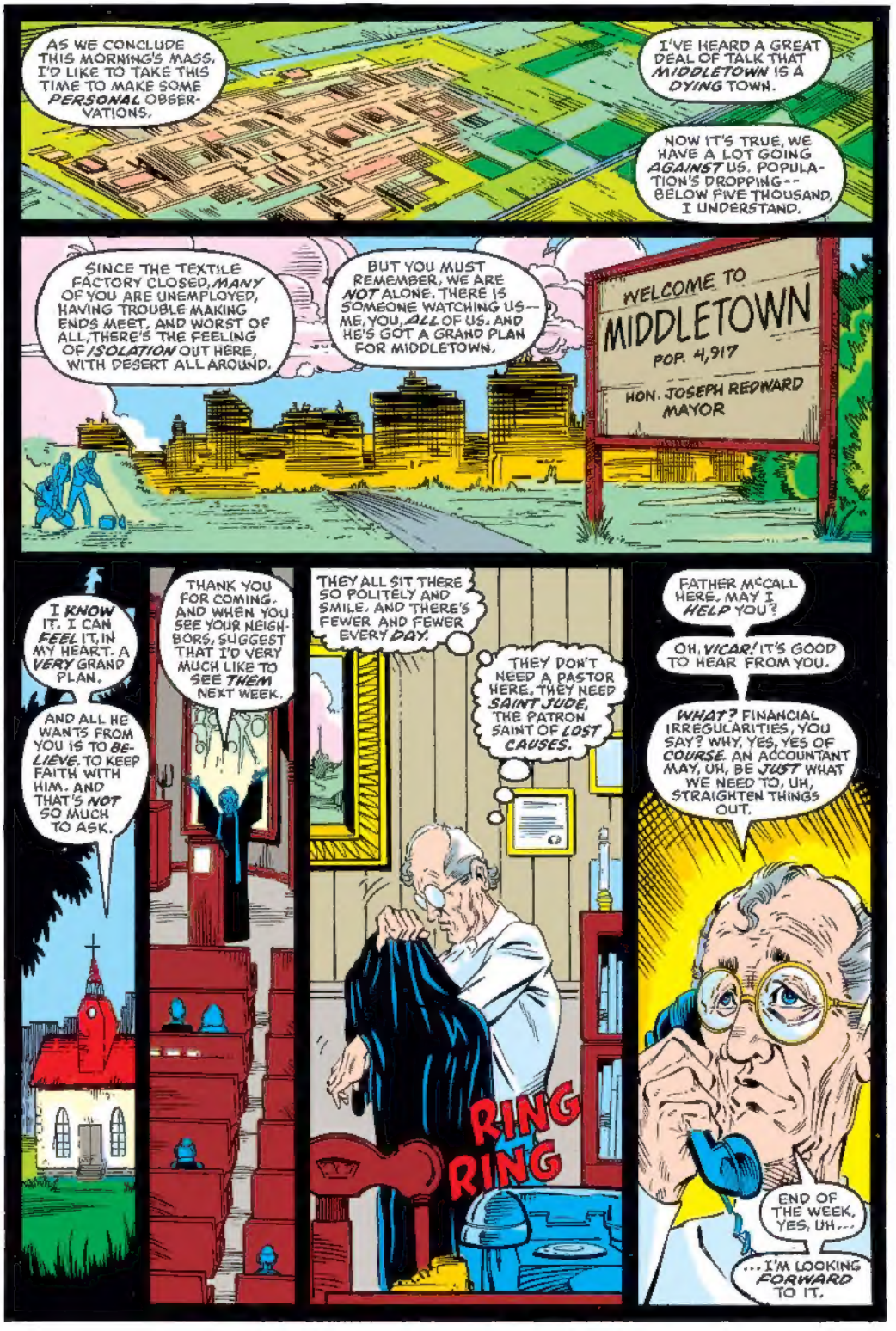
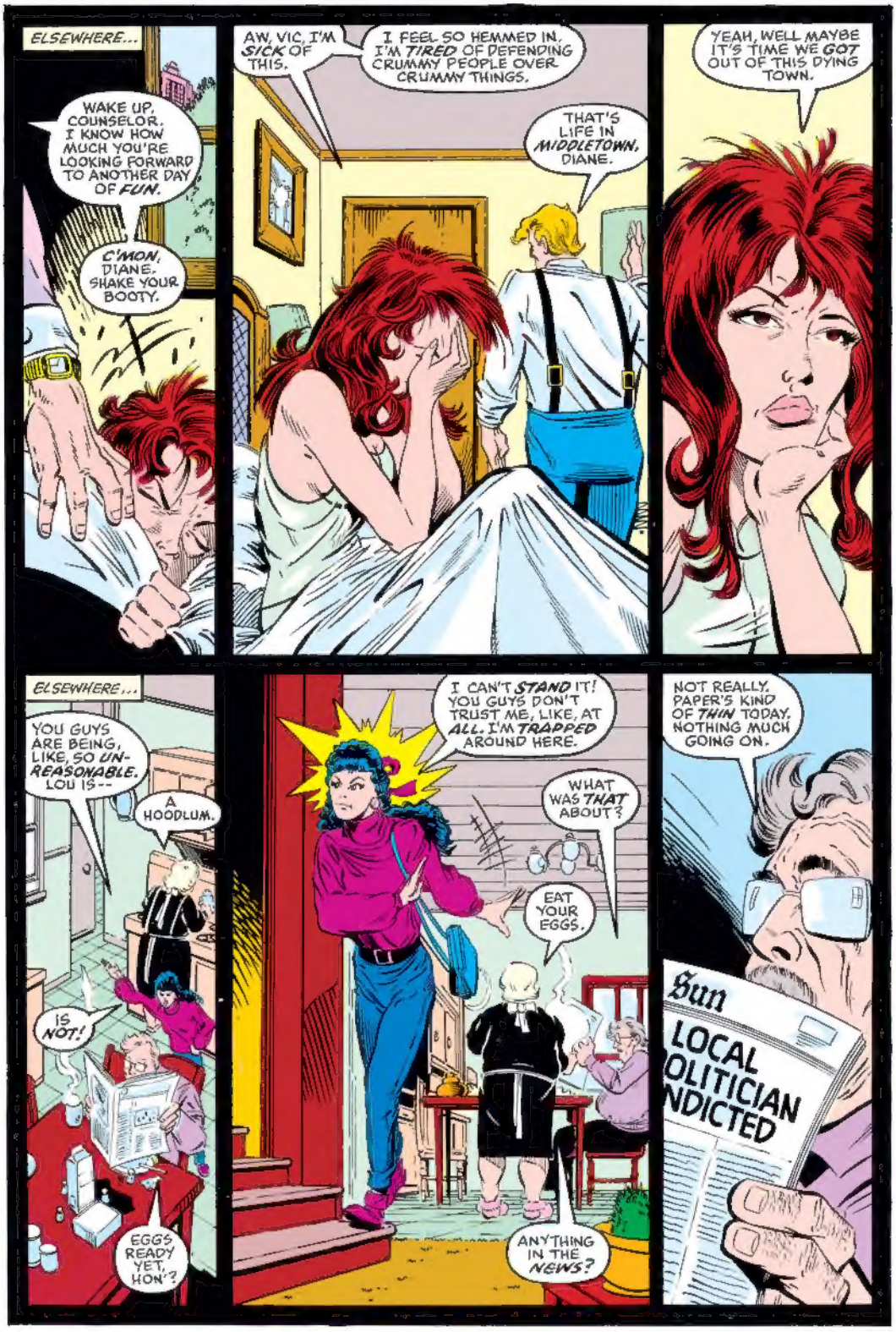
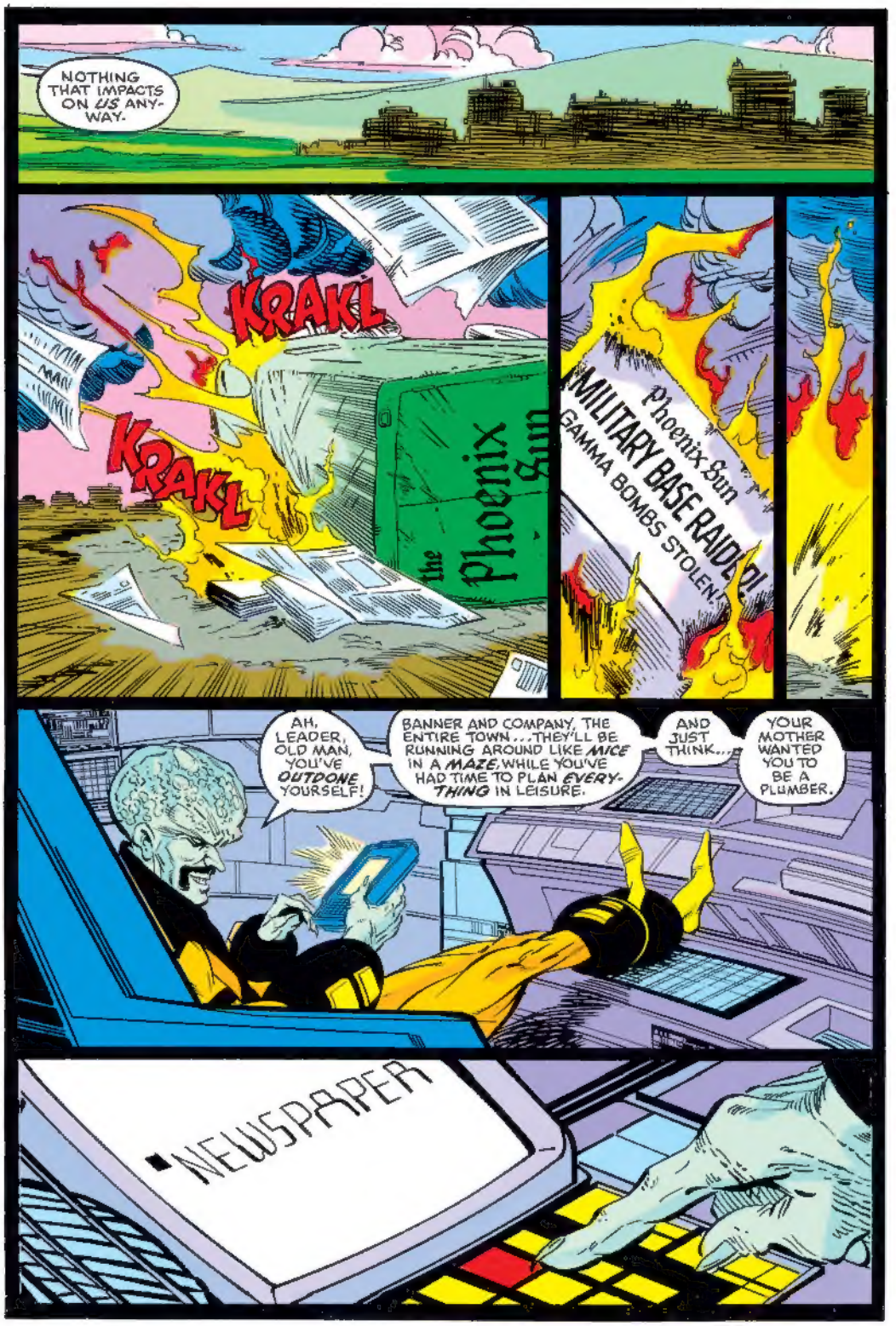
JUL
02456
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

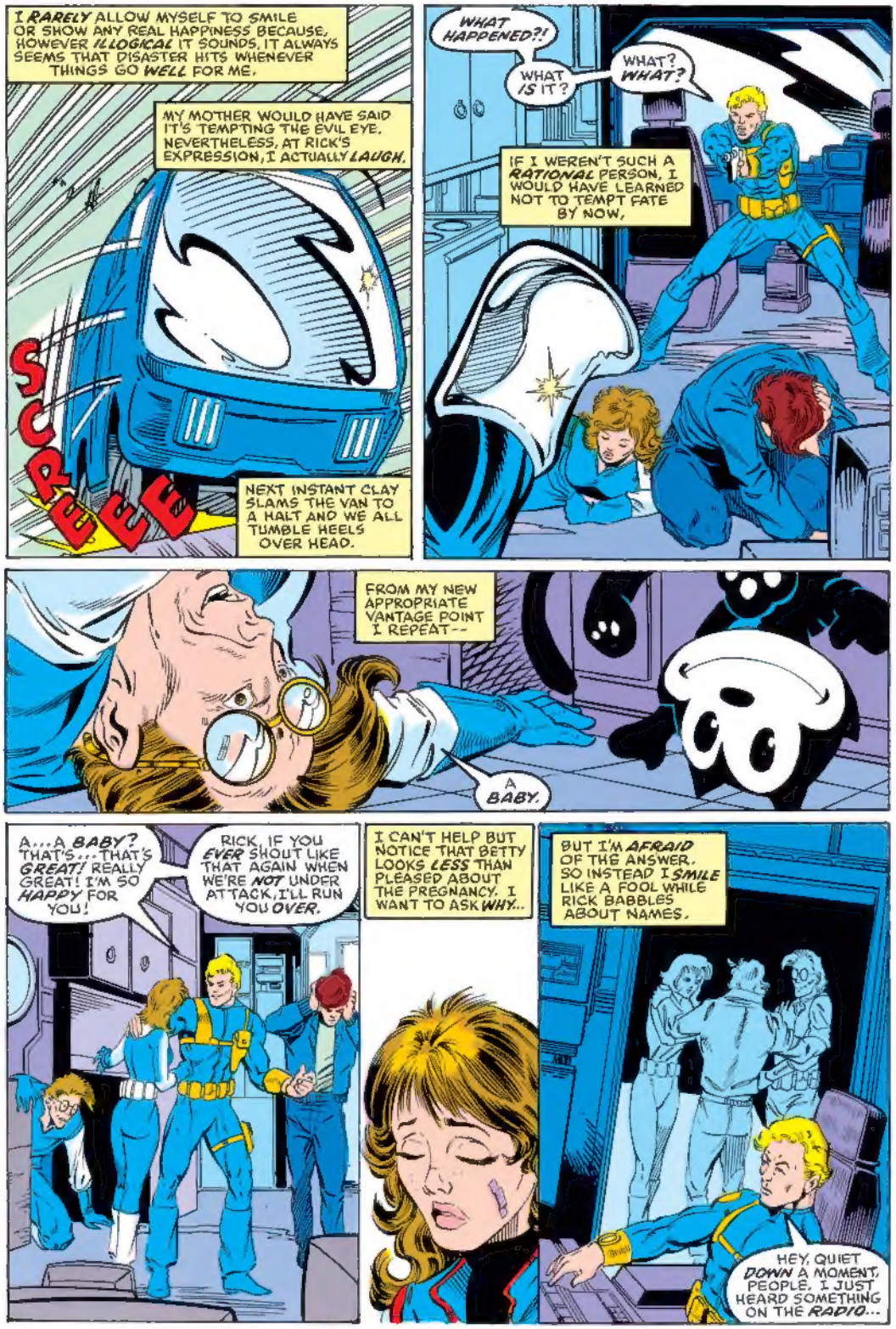
McFARLANE


AS WE CONCLUDE THIS MORNING'S MASS, I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS TIME TO MAKE SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.
I'VE HEARD A GREAT DEAL OF TALK THAT MIDDLETOWN IS A DYING TOWN.
NOW IT'S TRUE, WE HAVE A LOT GOING AGAINST US. POPULATION'S DROPPING--BELOW FIVE THOUSAND, I UNDERSTAND.
SINCE THE TEXTILE FACTORY CLOSED, MANY OF YOU ARE UNEMPLOYED, HAVING TROUBLE MAKING ENDS MEET, AND WORST OF ALL, THERE'S THE FEELING OF ISOLATION OUT HERE, WITH DESERT ALL AROUND.
BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER, WE ARE NOT ALONE. THERE IS SOMEONE WATCHING US--ME, YOU, ALL OF US. AND HE'S GOT A GRAND PLAN FOR MIDDLETOWN.
WELCOME TO MIDDLETOWN
POP. 4,917
HON. JOSEPH REDWARD MAYOR
I KNOW IT. I CAN FEEL IT, IN MY HEART. A VERY GRAND PLAN.
AND ALL HE WANTS FROM YOU IS TO BELIEVE. TO KEEP FAITH WITH HIM. AND THAT'S NOT SO MUCH TO ASK.
THANK YOU FOR COMING. AND WHEN YOU SEE YOUR NEIGHBORS, SUGGEST THAT I'D VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE THEM NEXT WEEK.
THEY ALL SIT THERE SO POLITELY AND SMILE, AND THERE'S FEWER AND FEWER EVERY DAY.
THEY DON'T NEED A PASTOR HERE. THEY NEED SAINT JUDE, THE PATRON SAINT OF LOST CAUSES.
RING RING
FATHER McCALL HERE. MAY I HELP YOU?
OH, VICAR! IT'S GOOD TO HEAR FROM YOU.
WHAT? FINANCIAL IRREGULARITIES, YOU SAY? WHY, YES, YES OF COURSE. AN ACCOUNTANT MAY, UH, BE JUST WHAT WE NEED TO, UH, STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT.
END OF THE WEEK, YES, UH...
...I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.

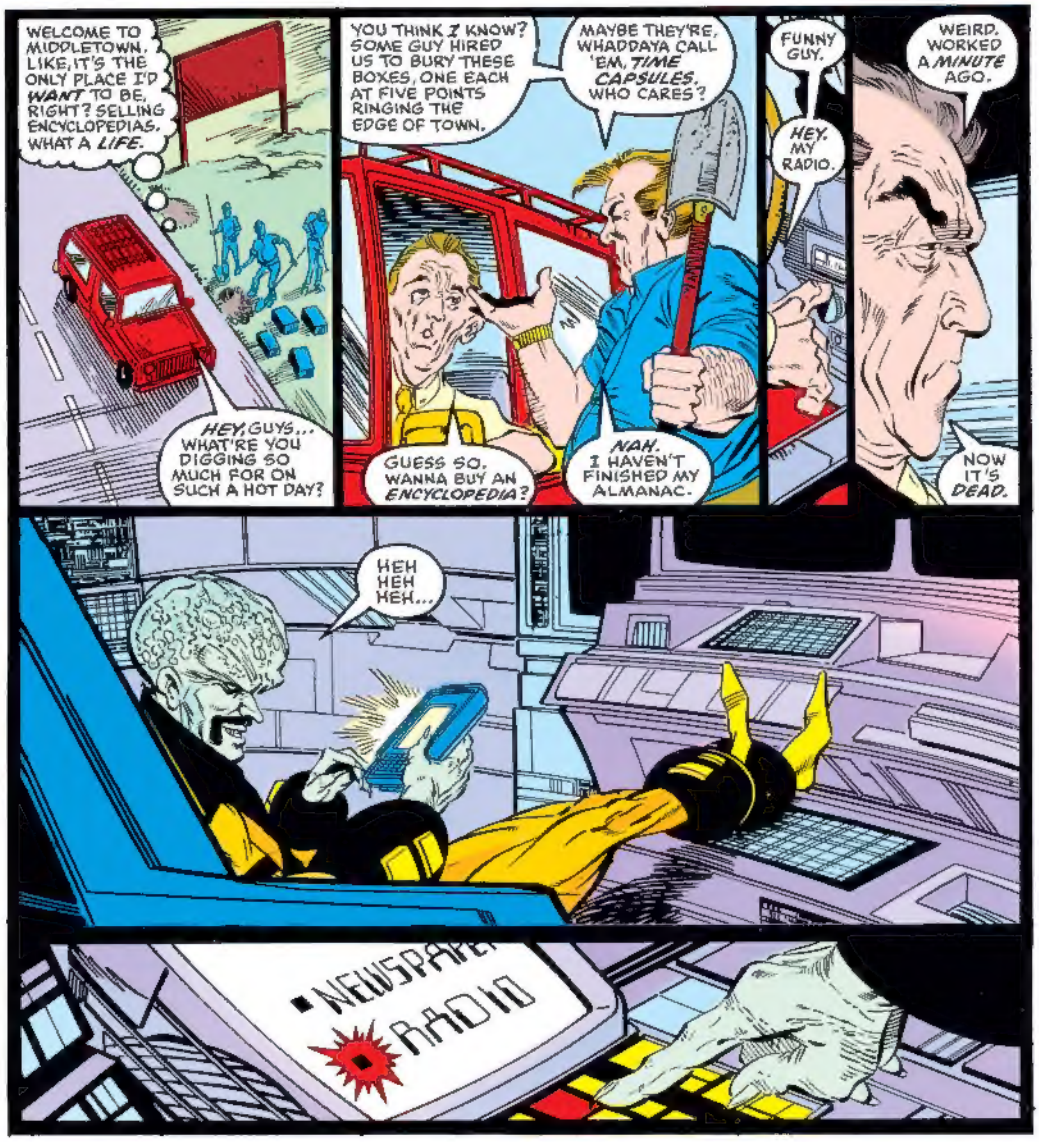

ELSEWHERE...
WAKE UP, COUNSELOR. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO ANOTHER DAY OF FUN.
C'MON, DIANE. SHAKE YOUR BOOTY.
AW, VIC, I'M SICK OF THIS.
I FEEL SO HEMMED IN. I'M TIRED OF DEFENDING CRUMMY PEOPLE OVER CRUMMY THINGS.
THAT'S LIFE IN MIDDLETOWN, DIANE.
YEAH, WELL MAYBE IT'S TIME WE GOT OUT OF THIS DYING TOWN.
ELSEWHERE...
YOU GUYS ARE BEING, LIKE, SO UNREASONABLE. LOU IS--
A HOODLUM.
IS NOT!
EGGS READY YET, HON'?
I CAN'T STAND IT! YOU GUYS DON'T TRUST ME, LIKE, AT ALL. I'M TRAPPED AROUND HERE.
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?
EAT YOUR EGGS.
ANYTHING IN THE NEWS?
NOT REALLY. PAPER'S KIND OF THIN TODAY. NOTHING MUCH GOING ON.
Sun
LOCAL
OLITICIAN
NDICTED

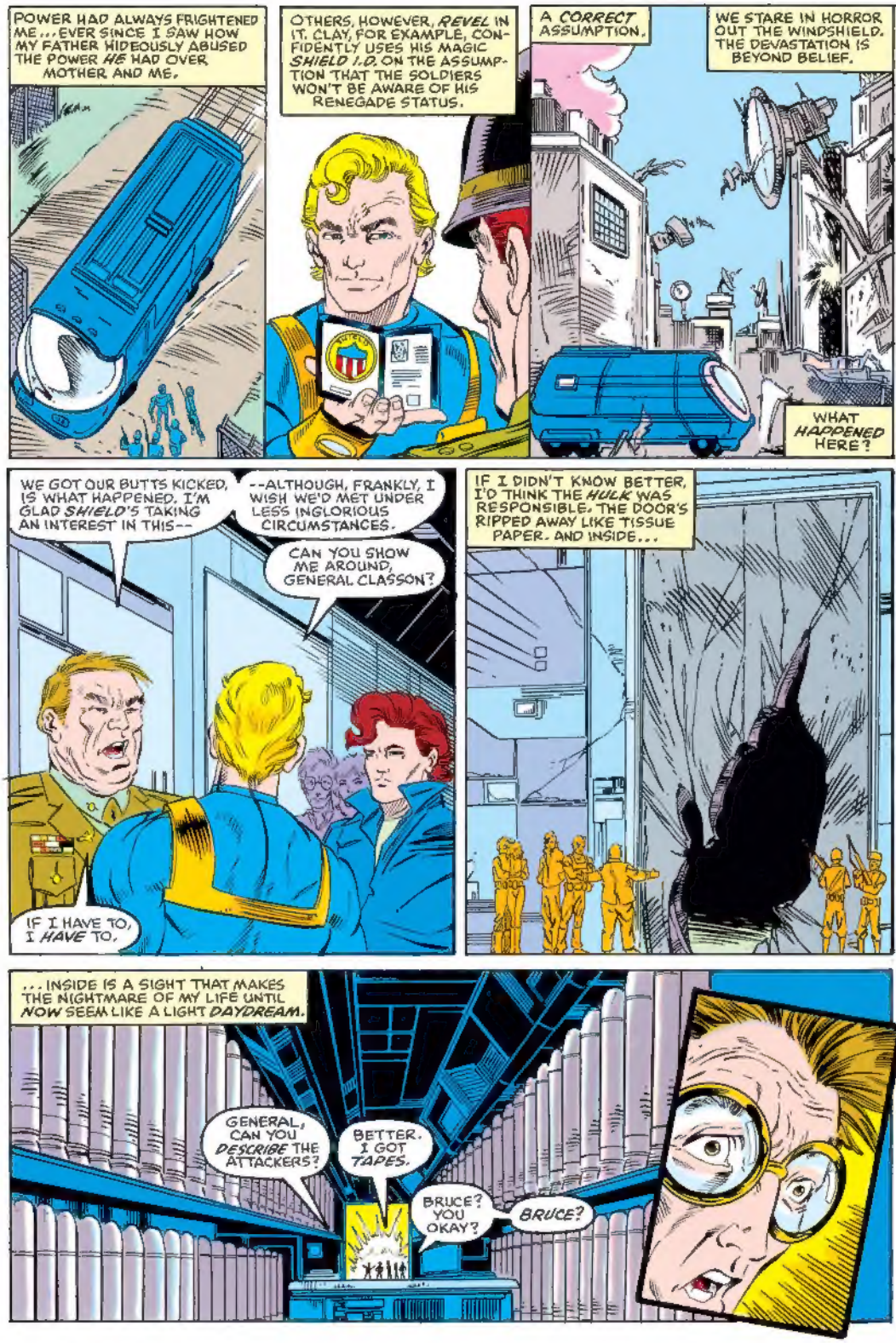

NOTHING THAT IMPACTS ON US ANY-WAY.
KRAKL
KRAKL
the Phoenix Sun
Phoenix Sun
MILITARY BASE RAIDED!
GAMMA BOMBS STOLEN!
AH, LEADER, OLD MAN, YOU'VE OUTDONE YOURSELF!
BANNER AND COMPANY, THE ENTIRE TOWN...THEY'LL BE RUNNING AROUND LIKE MICE IN A MAZE, WHILE YOU'VE HAD TIME TO PLAN EVERY-THING IN LEISURE.
AND JUST THINK...
YOUR MOTHER WANTED YOU TO BE A PLUMBER.
NEWSPAPER

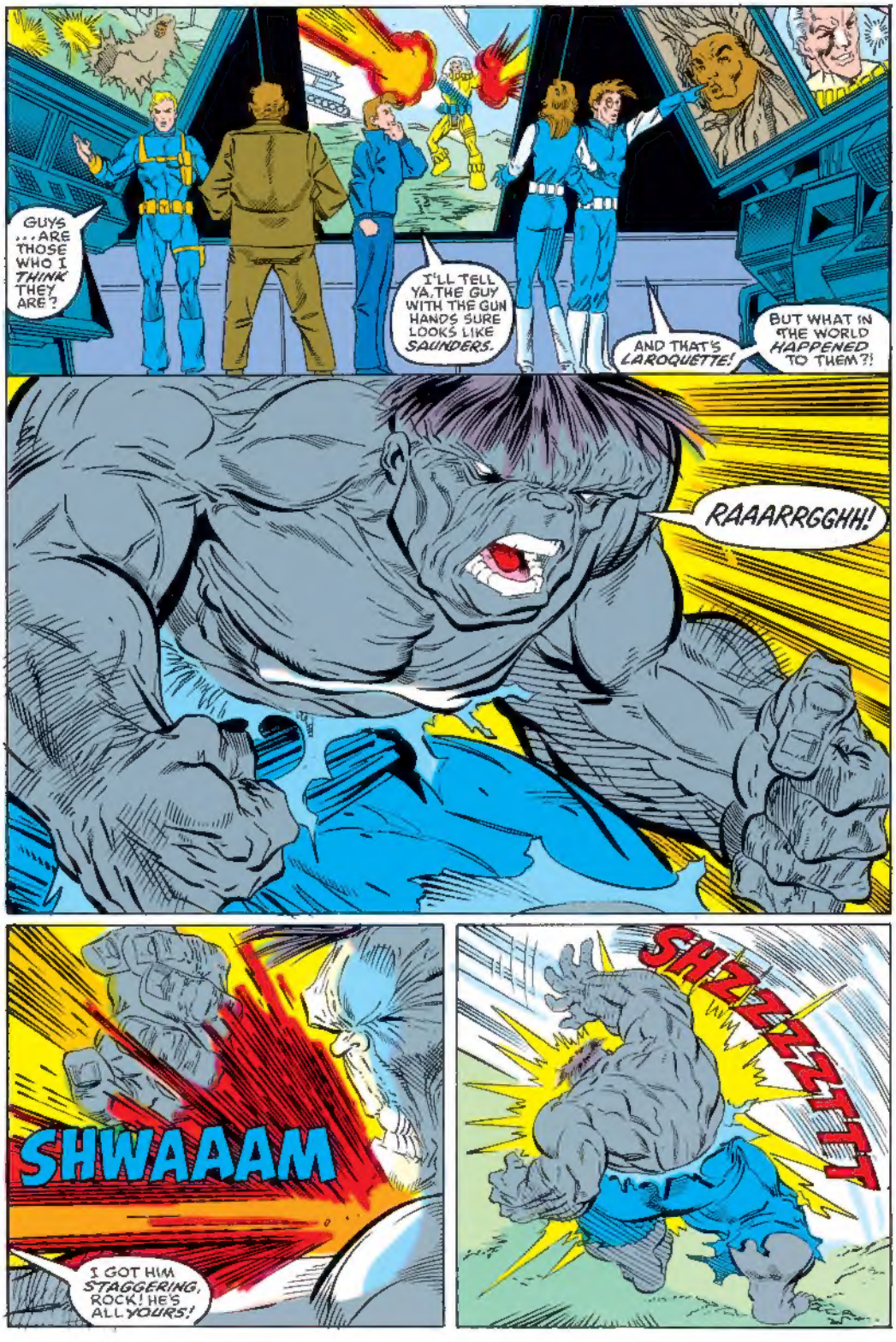
"CLOSING CURTAIN"
A WHAT?!
Stan Lee PRESENTS A TURNING POINT IN THE LIFE OF THE GRAY BEHEMOTH!
PETER DAVID WRITER
TODD McFARLANE BREAKDOWNS
JIM SANDERS FINISHES WITH AN ASSIST FROM CHRIS IVY
JOE ROSEN LETTERER
PETRA SCOTESE COLORIST
BOB HARRAS EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

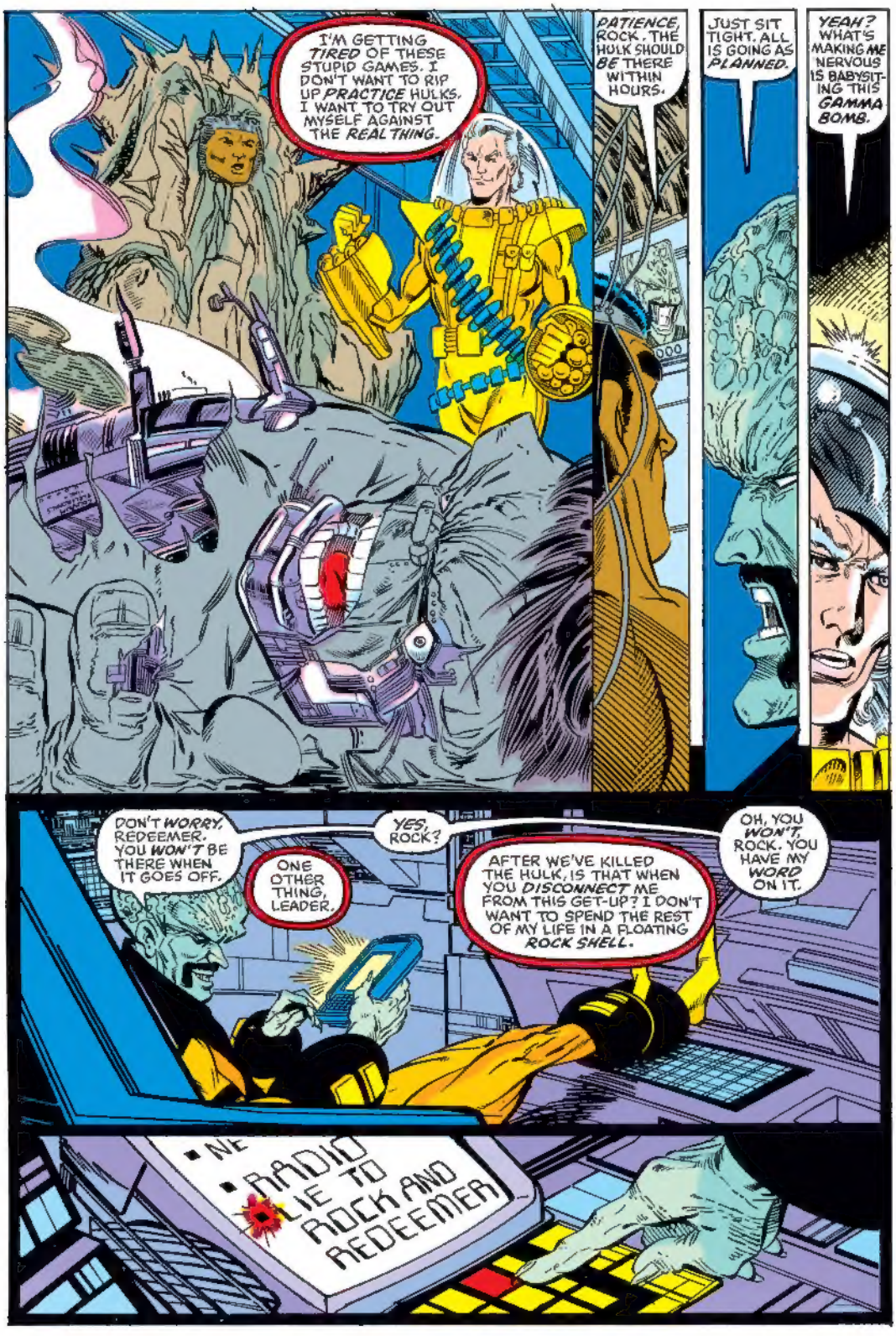

I RARELY ALLOW MYSELF TO SMILE OR SHOW ANY REAL HAPPINESS BECAUSE, HOWEVER ILLOGICAL IT SOUNDS, IT ALWAYS SEEMS THAT DISASTER HITS WHENEVER THINGS GO WELL FOR ME.
MY MOTHER WOULD HAVE SAID IT'S TEMPTING THE EVIL EYE. NEVERTHELESS, AT RICK'S EXPRESSION, I ACTUALLY LAUGH.
SCREEE
NEXT INSTANT CLAY SLAMS THE VAN TO A HALT AND WE ALL TUMBLE HEELS OVER HEAD.
WHAT HAPPENED?!
WHAT IS IT?
WHAT? WHAT?
IF I WEREN'T SUCH A RATIONAL PERSON, I WOULD HAVE LEARNED NOT TO TEMPT FATE BY NOW,
FROM MY NEW APPROPRIATE VANTAGE POINT I REPEAT--
A BABY.
A...A BABY? THAT'S... THAT'S GREAT! REALLY GREAT! I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU!
RICK, IF YOU EVER SHOUT LIKE THAT AGAIN WHEN WE'RE NOT UNDER ATTACK, I'LL RUN YOU OVER.
I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT BETTY LOOKS LESS THAN PLEASED ABOUT THE PREGNANCY. I WANT TO ASK WHY...
BUT I'M AFRAID OF THE ANSWER. SO INSTEAD I SMILE LIKE A FOOL WHILE RICK BABBLES ABOUT NAMES.
HEY, QUIET DOWN A MOMENT, PEOPLE. I JUST HEARD SOMETHING ON THE RADIO...

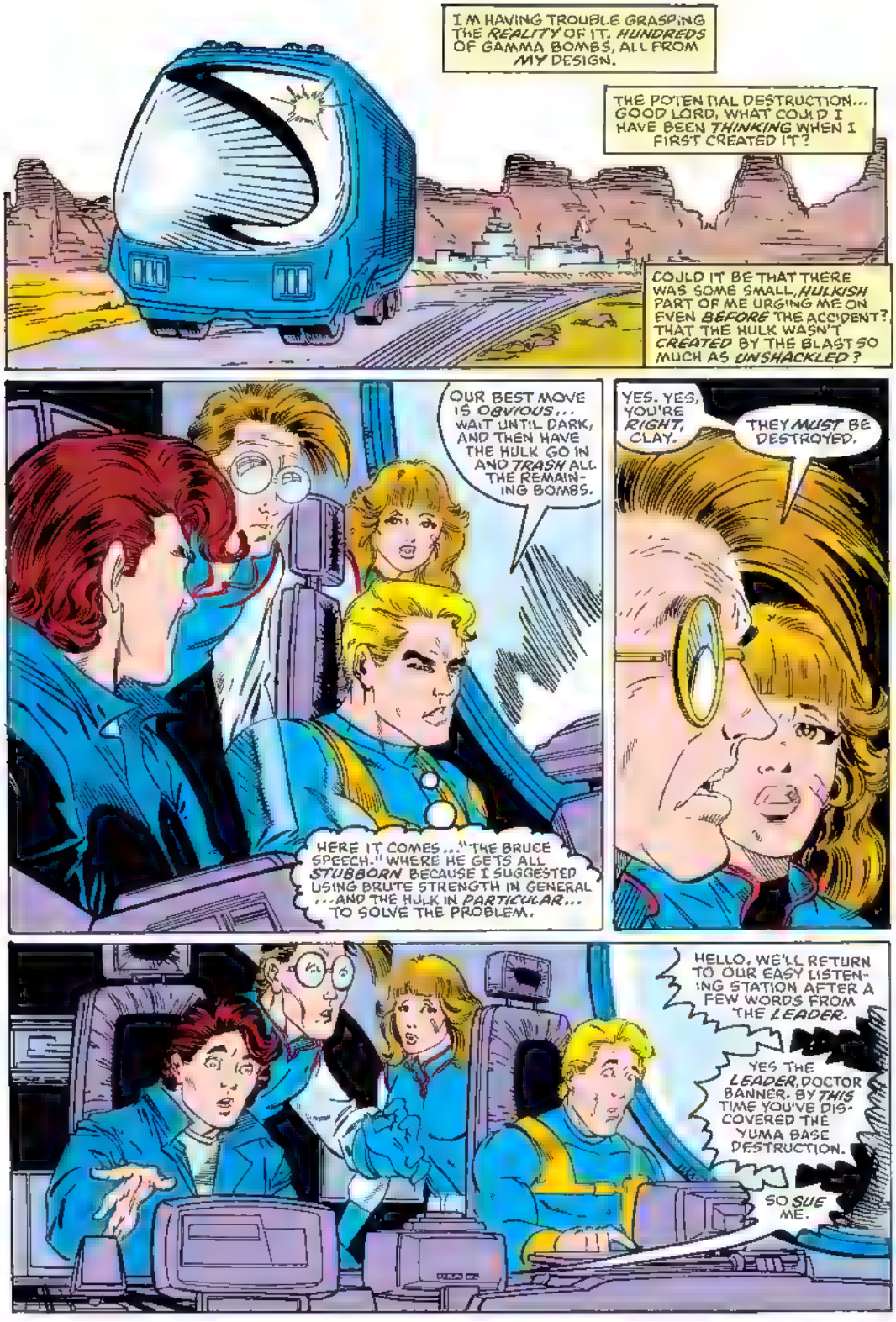
THE IDENTITY OF THE THIEVES IS STILL *UNKNOWN*, AND A SECURITY LID HAS BEEN CLAMPED DOWN ON THE YUMA MILITARY BASE.
WHAT *IS* KNOWN, ALTHOUGH OFFICIALS CONTINUE TO *DENY* IT, IS THAT THE TARGET OF THE RAID WAS A *GAMMA RAY BOMB*... THE DEVASTATING WEAPON THAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CREATION SOME YEARS AGO OF THE INCREDIBLE *HULK*.

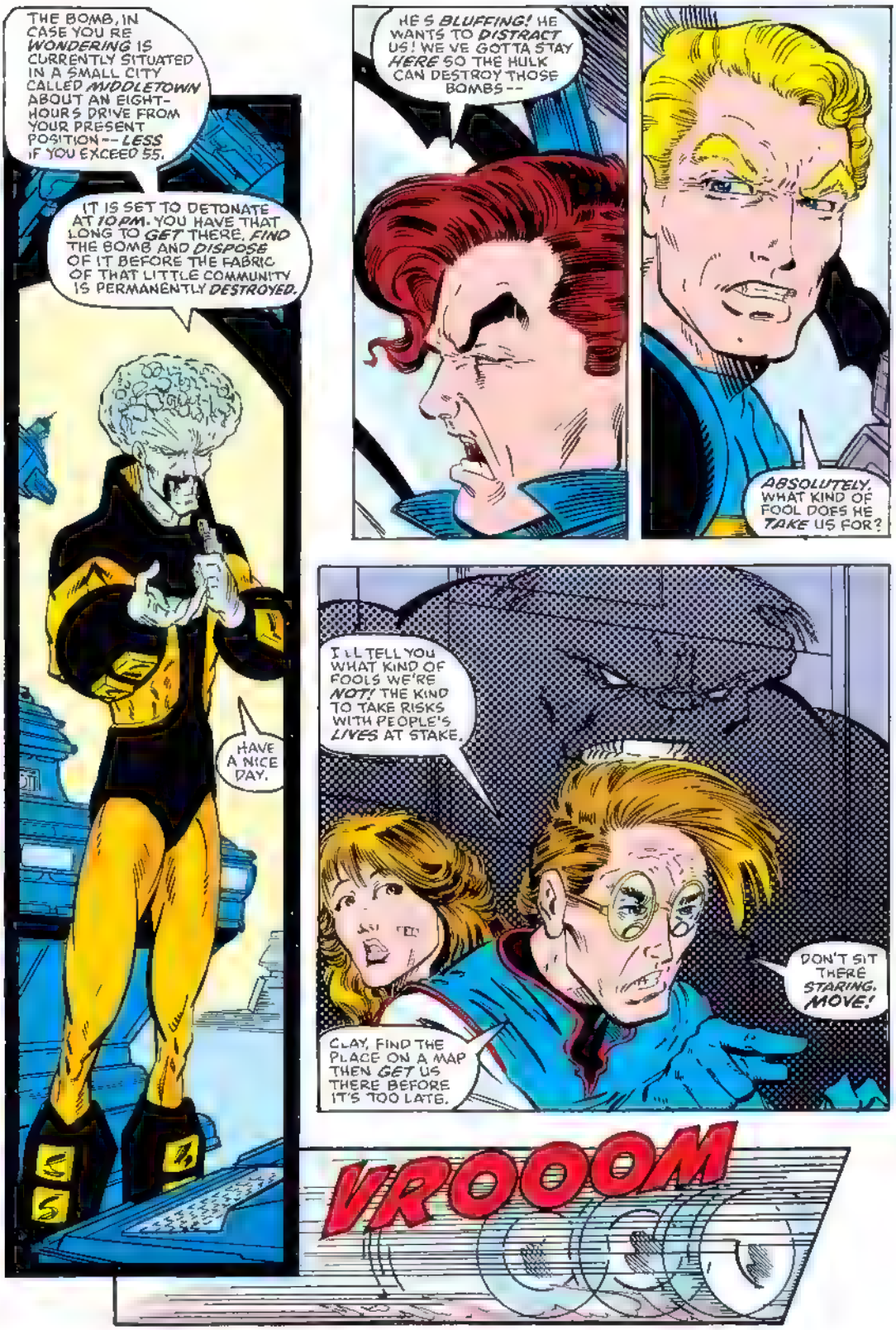

WELCOME TO MIDDLETOWN. LIKE, IT'S THE ONLY PLACE I'D *WANT* TO BE, RIGHT? SELLING ENCYCLOPEDIAS. WHAT A *LIFE*.
HEY, GUYS... WHAT'RE YOU DIGGING SO MUCH FOR ON SUCH A HOT DAY?
YOU THINK *I* KNOW? SOME GUY HIRED US TO BURY THESE BOXES, ONE EACH AT FIVE POINTS RINGING THE EDGE OF TOWN.
MAYBE THEY'RE, WHADDAYA CALL 'EM, *TIME CAPSULES*. WHO CARES?
GUESS SO. WANNA BUY AN *ENCYCLOPEDIA*?
NAH. I HAVEN'T FINISHED MY ALMANAC.
FUNNY GUY.
HEY. MY RADIO.
WEIRD. WORKED A *MINUTE* AGO.
NOW IT'S *DEAD*.
HEH HEH HEH...
NEWSPAPER
RADIO

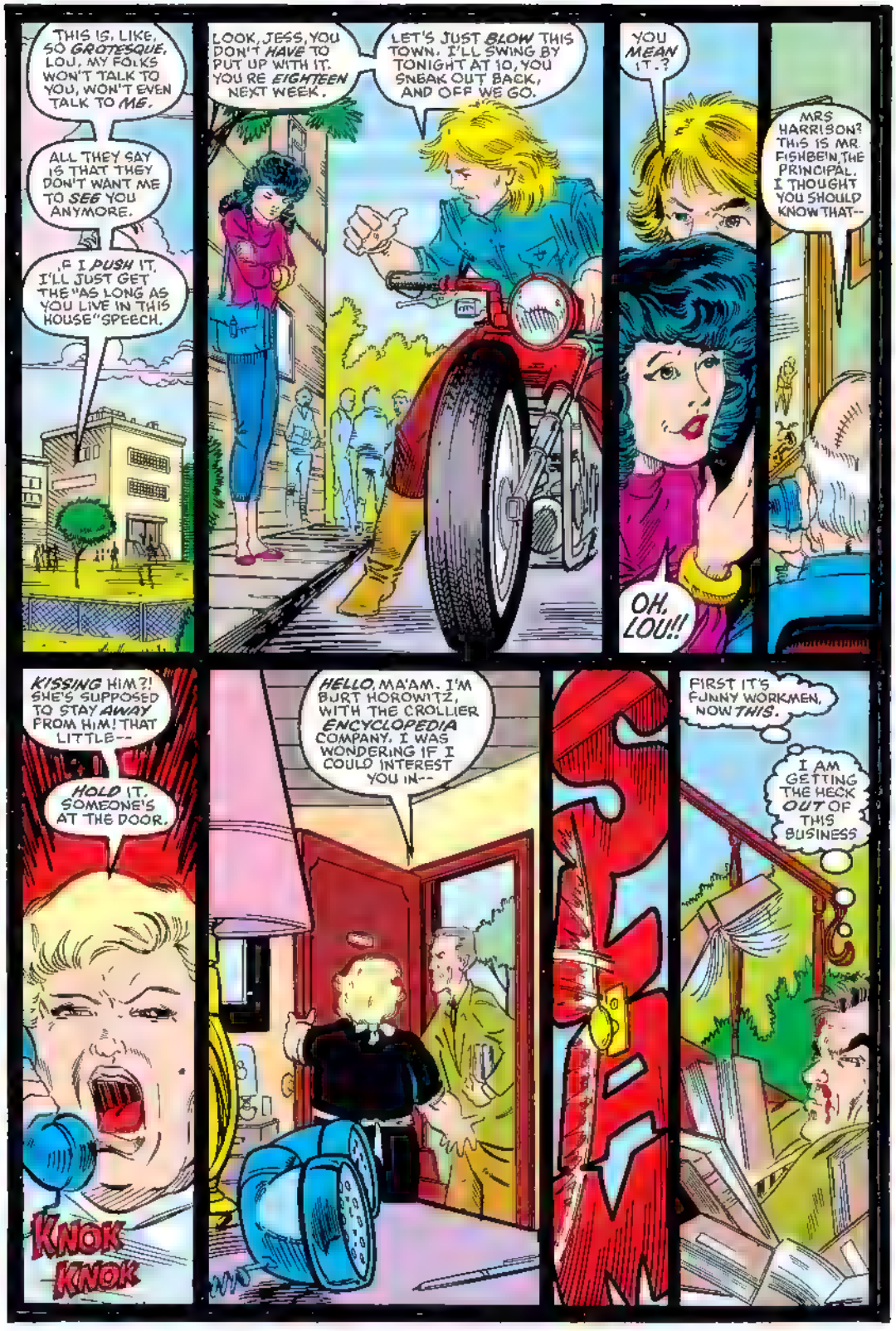

POWER HAD ALWAYS FRIGHTENED ME... EVER SINCE I SAW HOW MY FATHER HIDEOUSLY ABUSED THE POWER HE HAD OVER MOTHER AND ME.
OTHERS, HOWEVER, REVEL IN IT. CLAY, FOR EXAMPLE, CONFIDENTLY USES HIS MAGIC SHIELD I.D. ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT THE SOLDIERS WON'T BE AWARE OF HIS RENEGADE STATUS.
A CORRECT ASSUMPTION.
WE STARE IN HORROR OUT THE WINDSHIELD. THE DEVASTATION IS BEYOND BELIEF.
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
WE GOT OUR BUTTS KICKED, IS WHAT HAPPENED. I'M GLAD SHIELD'S TAKING AN INTEREST IN THIS--
--ALTHOUGH, FRANKLY, I WISH WE'D MET UNDER LESS INGLORIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.
CAN YOU SHOW ME AROUND, GENERAL CLASSON?
IF I HAVE TO, I HAVE TO.
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK THE HULK WAS RESPONSIBLE. THE DOOR'S RIPPED AWAY LIKE TISSUE PAPER. AND INSIDE...
...INSIDE IS A SIGHT THAT MAKES THE NIGHTMARE OF MY LIFE UNTIL NOW SEEM LIKE A LIGHT DAYDREAM.
GENERAL, CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE ATTACKERS?
BETTER. I GOT TAPES.
BRUCE? YOU OKAY?
BRUCE?

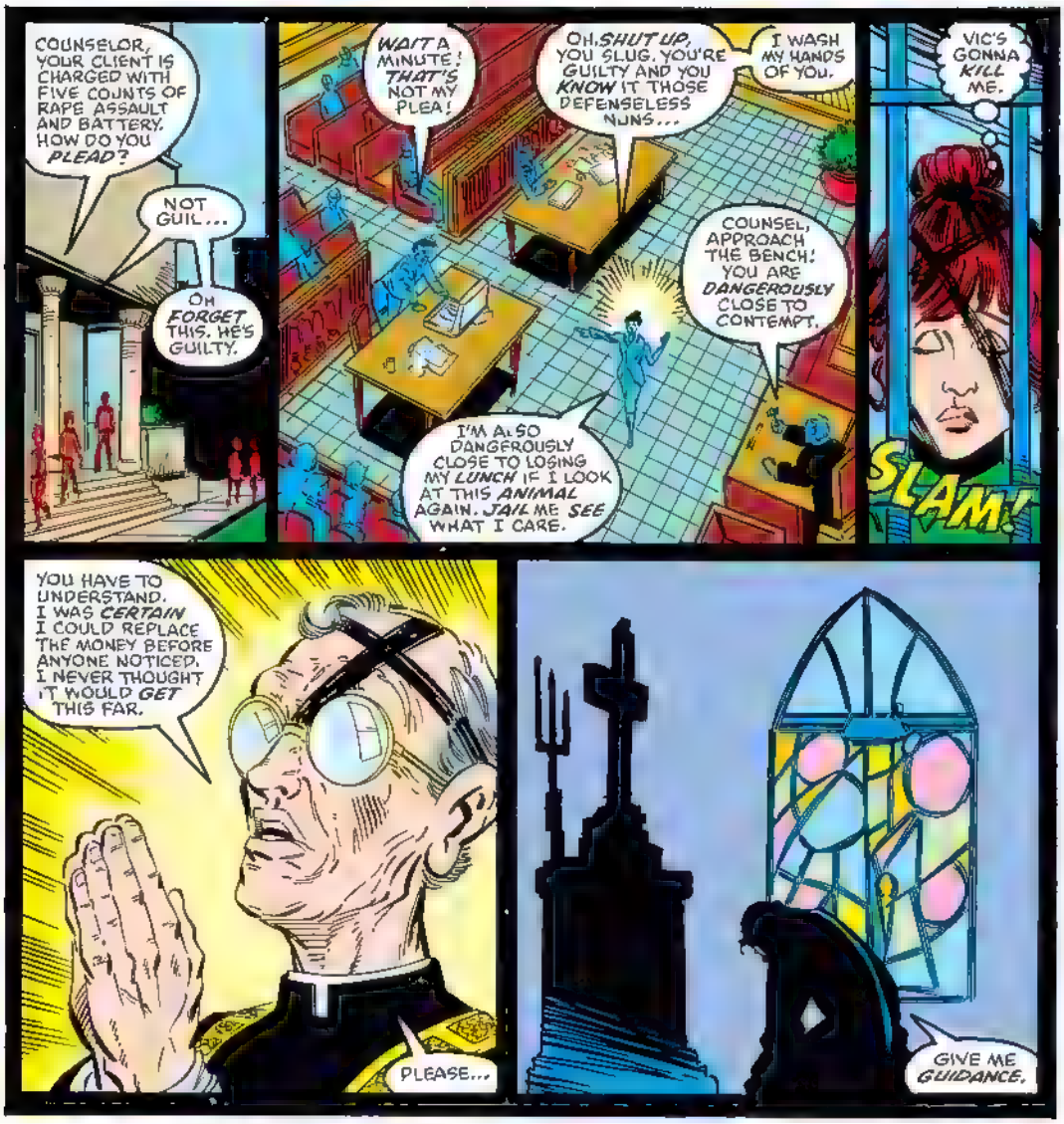

GUYS ... ARE THOSE WHO I THINK THEY ARE?
I'LL TELL YA, THE GUY WITH THE GUN HANDS SURE LOOKS LIKE SAUNDERS.
AND THAT'S LAROQUETTE!
BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED TO THEM?!
RAAARRGGHH!
SHWAAAM
I GOT HIM STAGGERING, ROCK! HE'S ALL YOURS!
SHZZZZTTT

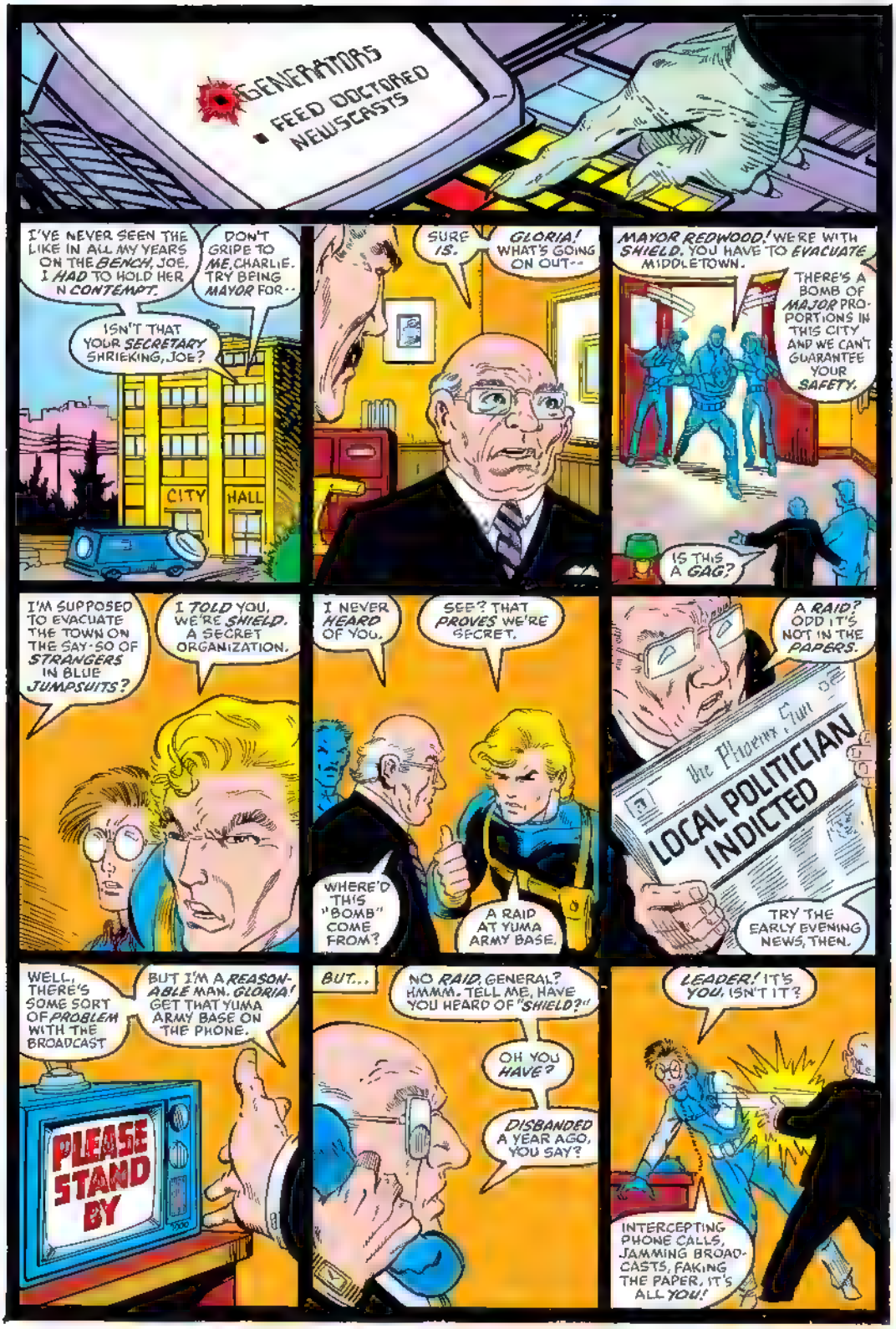

I'M GETTING TIRED OF THESE STUPID GAMES. I DON'T WANT TO RIP UP PRACTICE HULKS. I WANT TO TRY OUT MYSELF AGAINST THE REAL THING.
PATIENCE, ROCK. THE HULK SHOULD BE THERE WITHIN HOURS.
JUST SIT TIGHT. ALL IS GOING AS PLANNED.
YEAH? WHAT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS IS BABYSITTING THIS GAMMA BOMB.
DON'T WORRY, REDEEMER. YOU WON'T BE THERE WHEN IT GOES OFF.
ONE OTHER THING, LEADER.
YES, ROCK?
AFTER WE'VE KILLED THE HULK, IS THAT WHEN YOU DISCONNECT ME FROM THIS GET-UP? I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN A FLOATING ROCK SHELL.
OH, YOU WON'T, ROCK. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON IT.
RADIO
TO ROCK AND REDEEMER

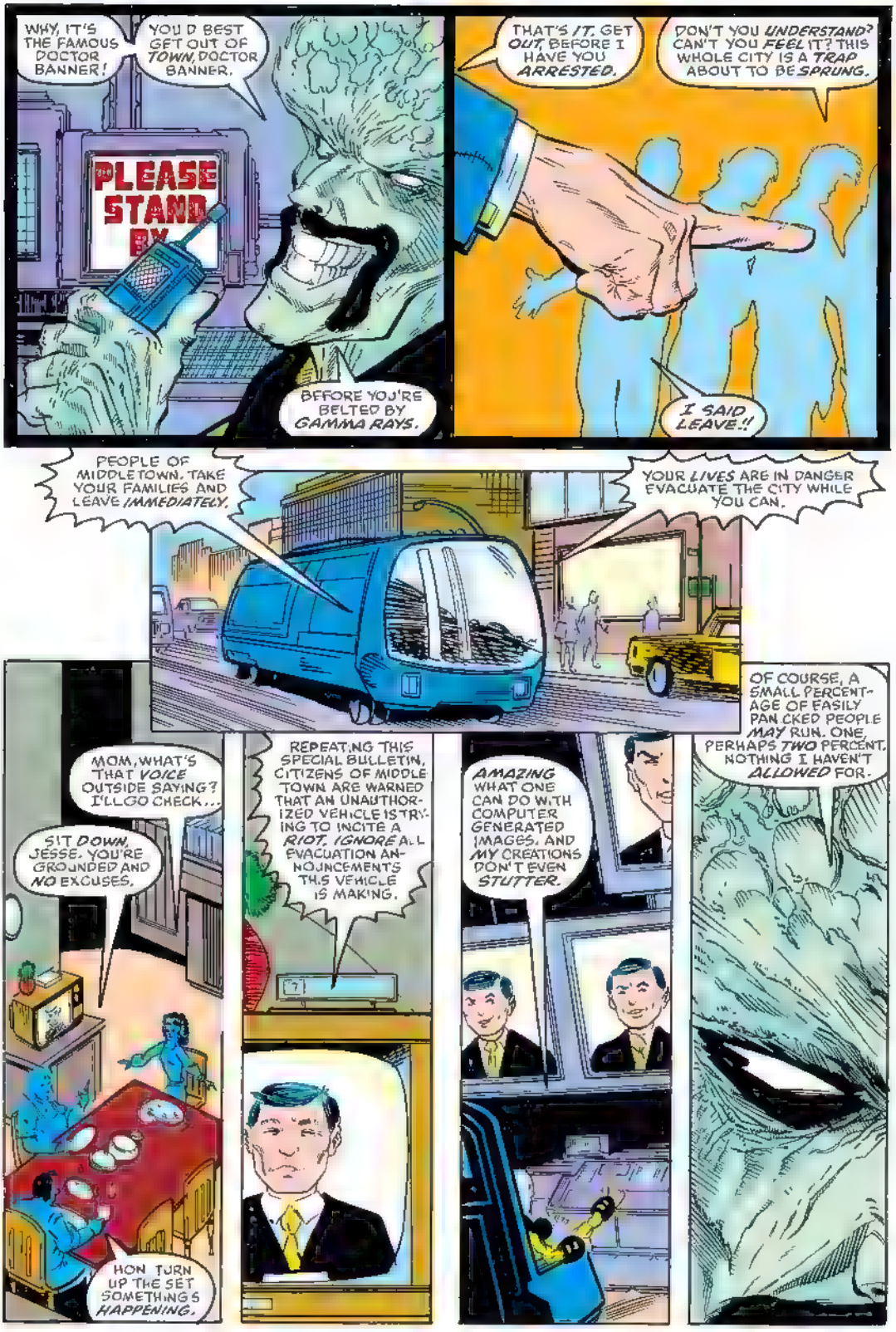

I'M HAVING TROUBLE GRASPING THE *REALITY* OF IT. *HUNDREDS* OF GAMMA BOMBS, ALL FROM *MY* DESIGN.
THE POTENTIAL DESTRUCTION... GOOD LORD, WHAT COULD I HAVE BEEN *THINKING* WHEN I FIRST CREATED IT?
COULD IT BE THAT THERE WAS SOME SMALL, *HULKISH* PART OF ME URGING ME ON EVEN *BEFORE* THE ACCIDENT? THAT THE HULK WASN'T *CREATED* BY THE BLAST SO MUCH AS *UNSHACKLED*?
OUR BEST MOVE IS *OBVIOUS*... WAIT UNTIL DARK, AND THEN HAVE THE HULK GO IN AND *TRASH* ALL THE REMAINING BOMBS.
HERE IT COMES..." THE BRUCE SPEECH." WHERE HE GETS ALL *STUBBORN* BECAUSE I SUGGESTED USING BRUTE STRENGTH IN GENERAL ...AND THE HULK IN *PARTICULAR*... TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.
YES. YES, YOU'RE *RIGHT*, CLAY.
THEY *MUST* BE DESTROYED.
HELLO, WE'LL RETURN TO OUR EASY LISTENING STATION AFTER A FEW WORDS FROM THE *LEADER*.
YES THE *LEADER*, DOCTOR BANNER. BY *THIS* TIME YOU'VE DISCOVERED THE YUMA BASE DESTRUCTION.
SO *SUE* ME.


THE BOMB, IN CASE YOU RE WONDERING IS CURRENTLY SITUATED IN A SMALL CITY CALLED MIDDLETOWN ABOUT AN EIGHT-HOUR'S DRIVE FROM YOUR PRESENT POSITION -- LESS IF YOU EXCEED 55.
IT IS SET TO DETONATE AT 10PM. YOU HAVE THAT LONG TO GET THERE. FIND THE BOMB AND DISPOSE OF IT BEFORE THE FABRIC OF THAT LITTLE COMMUNITY IS PERMANENTLY DESTROYED.
HAVE A NICE DAY.
HE'S BLUFFING! HE WANTS TO DISTRACT US! WE'VE GOTTA STAY HERE SO THE HULK CAN DESTROY THOSE BOMBS --
ABSOLUTELY. WHAT KIND OF FOOL DOES HE TAKE US FOR?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT KIND OF FOOLS WE'RE NOT! THE KIND TO TAKE RISKS WITH PEOPLE'S LIVES AT STAKE.
DON'T SIT THERE STARING. MOVE!
CLAY, FIND THE PLACE ON A MAP THEN GET US THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
VROOOM

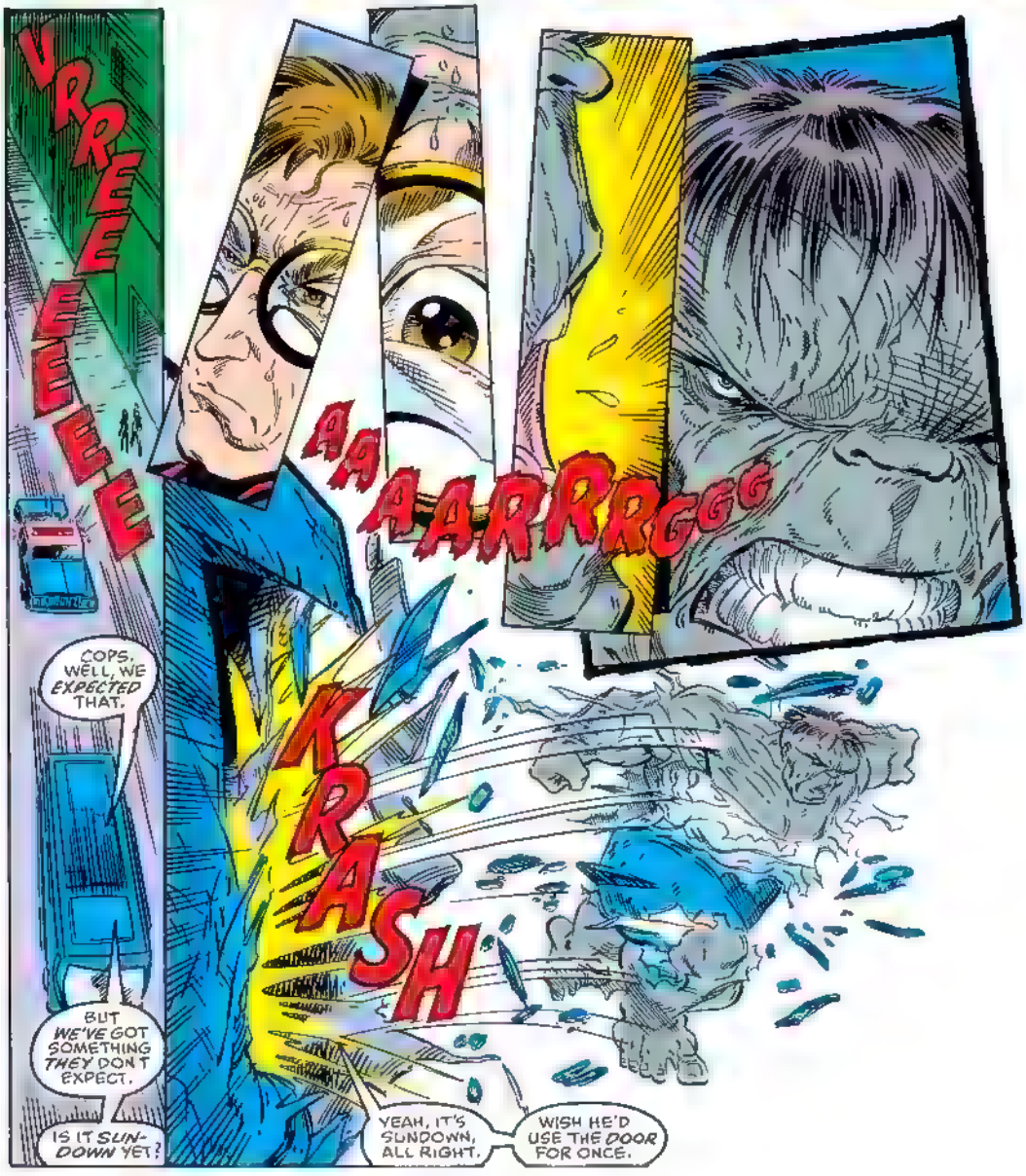

THIS IS, LIKE, SO GROTESQUE, LOU, MY FOLKS WON'T TALK TO YOU, WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.
ALL THEY SAY IS THAT THEY DON'T WANT ME TO SEE YOU ANYMORE.
IF I PUSH IT, I'LL JUST GET THE "AS LONG AS YOU LIVE IN THIS HOUSE" SPEECH.
LOOK, JESS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH IT. YOU'RE EIGHTEEN NEXT WEEK.
LET'S JUST BLOW THIS TOWN. I'LL SWING BY TONIGHT AT 10, YOU SNEAK OUT BACK, AND OFF WE GO.
YOU MEAN IT--?
OH, LOU!!
MRS HARRISON? THIS IS MR. FISHBEIN, THE PRINCIPAL. I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT--
KISSING HIM?! SHE'S SUPPOSED TO STAY AWAY FROM HIM! THAT LITTLE--
HOLD IT. SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR.
KNOK KNOK
HELLO, MA'AM. I'M BURT HOROWITZ, WITH THE CROLLIER ENCYCLOPEDIA COMPANY. I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD INTEREST YOU IN--
FIRST IT'S FUNNY WORKMEN, NOW THIS.
I AM GETTING THE HECK OUT OF THIS BUSINESS

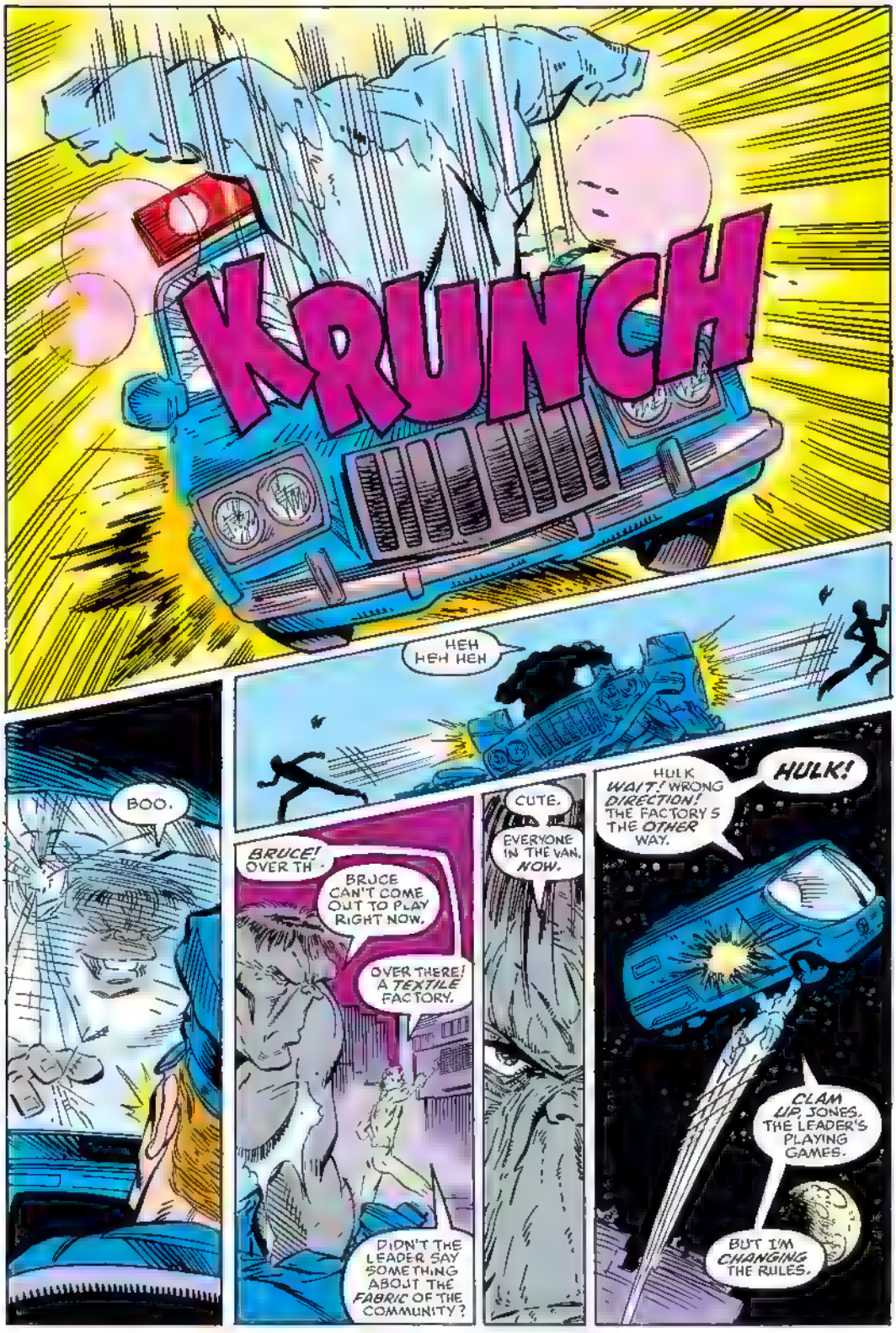

COUNSELOR, YOUR CLIENT IS CHARGED WITH FIVE COUNTS OF RAPE ASSAULT AND BATTERY. HOW DO YOU PLEAD?
NOT GUIL...
OH FORGET THIS. HE'S GUILTY.
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S NOT MY PLEA!
OH, SHUT UP, YOU SLUG. YOU'RE GUILTY AND YOU KNOW IT THOSE DEFENSELESS NUNS...
I WASH MY HANDS OF YOU.
COUNSEL, APPROACH THE BENCH! YOU ARE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO CONTEMPT.
I'M ALSO DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO LOSING MY LUNCH IF I LOOK AT THIS ANIMAL AGAIN. JAIL ME SEE WHAT I CARE.
VIC'S GONNA KILL ME.
SLAM!
YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND. I WAS CERTAIN I COULD REPLACE THE MONEY BEFORE ANYONE NOTICED. I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD GET THIS FAR.
PLEASE...
GIVE ME GUIDANCE.
IT'S DEFINITELY THIS WAY.
IN FACT, I THINK THAT'S IT A FEW MILES AHEAD.
EXCELLENT, CLAY. HMMM ...I WONDER WHAT THOSE WORKERS ARE UP TO.
WHO CARES, BRUCE? HOW IMPORTANT CAN IT BE?
YES, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.


GENERATORS
• FEED DOCTORED NEWSCASTS
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE IN ALL MY YEARS ON THE BENCH, JOE. I HAD TO HOLD HER IN CONTEMPT.
DON'T GRIPE TO ME, CHARLIE. TRY BEING MAYOR FOR--
ISN'T THAT YOUR SECRETARY SHRIEKING, JOE?
CITY HALL
SURE IS.
GLORIA! WHAT'S GOING ON OUT--
MAYOR REDWOOD! WE'RE WITH SHIELD. YOU HAVE TO EVACUATE MIDDLETOWN.
THERE'S A BOMB OF MAJOR PROPORTIONS IN THIS CITY AND WE CAN'T GUARANTEE YOUR SAFETY.
IS THIS A GAG?
I'M SUPPOSED TO EVACUATE THE TOWN ON THE SAY-SO OF STRANGERS IN BLUE JUMPSUITS?
I TOLD YOU, WE'RE SHIELD. A SECRET ORGANIZATION.
I NEVER HEARD OF YOU.
SEE? THAT PROVES WE'RE SECRET.
WHERE'D THIS "BOMB" COME FROM?
A RAID AT YUMA ARMY BASE.
A RAID? ODD IT'S NOT IN THE PAPERS.
the Phoenix Sun
LOCAL POLITICIAN INDICTED
TRY THE EARLY EVENING NEWS, THEN.
WELL, THERE'S SOME SORT OF PROBLEM WITH THE BROADCAST
BUT I'M A REASONABLE MAN. GLORIA! GET THAT YUMA ARMY BASE ON THE PHONE.
PLEASE STAND BY
BUT...
NO RAID, GENERAL? HMMM. TELL ME, HAVE YOU HEARD OF "SHIELD?"
OH YOU HAVE?
DISBANDED A YEAR AGO, YOU SAY?
LEADER! IT'S YOU, ISN'T IT?
INTERCEPTING PHONE CALLS, JAMMING BROADCASTS, FAKING THE PAPER, IT'S ALL YOU!


WHY, IT'S THE FAMOUS DOCTOR BANNER!
YOU'D BEST GET OUT OF TOWN, DOCTOR BANNER.
PLEASE STAND BY
BEFORE YOU'RE BELTED BY GAMMA RAYS.
THAT'S IT. GET OUT, BEFORE I HAVE YOU ARRESTED.
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? THIS WHOLE CITY IS A TRAP ABOUT TO BE SPRUNG.
I SAID LEAVE!!
PEOPLE OF MIDDLETOWN. TAKE YOUR FAMILIES AND LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.
YOUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER EVACUATE THE CITY WHILE YOU CAN.
MOM, WHAT'S THAT VOICE OUTSIDE SAYING? I'LL GO CHECK...
SIT DOWN, JESSE. YOU'RE GROUNDED AND NO EXCUSES.
HON TURN UP THE SET SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.
REPEATING THIS SPECIAL BULLETIN, CITIZENS OF MIDDLE TOWN ARE WARNED THAT AN UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLE IS TRYING TO INCITE A RIOT. IGNORE ALL EVACUATION ANNOUNCEMENTS THIS VEHICLE IS MAKING.
AMAZING WHAT ONE CAN DO WITH COMPUTER GENERATED IMAGES. AND MY CREATIONS DON'T EVEN STUTTER.
OF COURSE, A SMALL PERCENTAGE OF EASILY PANICKED PEOPLE MAY RUN. ONE, PERHAPS TWO PERCENT. NOTHING I HAVEN'T ALLOWED FOR.

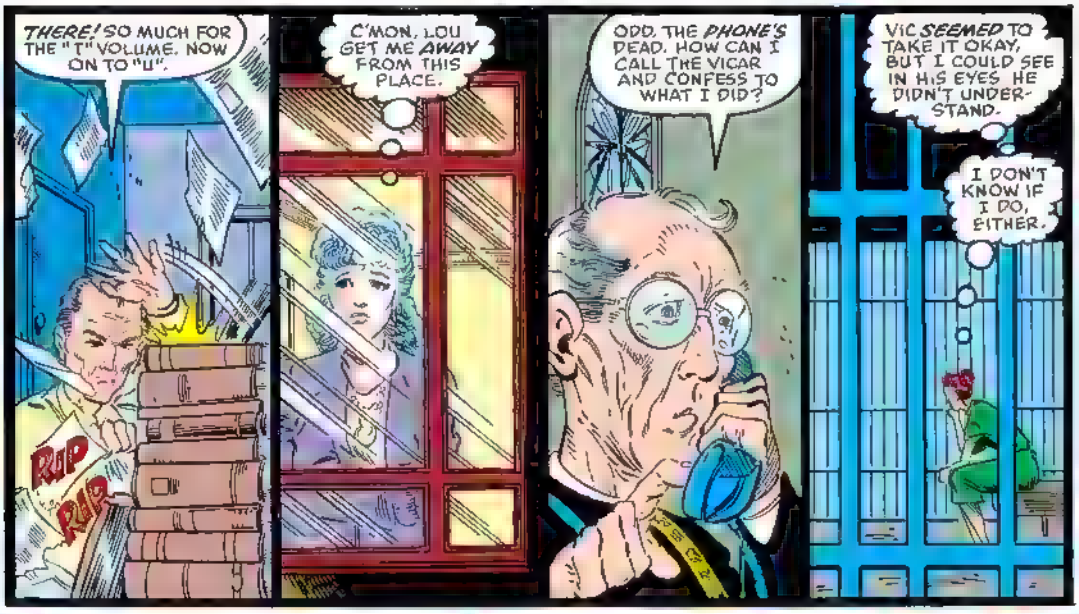
CAN'T WE RAISE BAIL OR SOME THING, DIANE?
CONTEMPT OF COURT ISN'T LIKE THAT, VIC. I--
OHHH, I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK OVER THAT LOUDSPEAKER.
DID IT SAY EVACUATE?
YEAH, AND THE SHERIFF BETTER GET AFTER THOSE IDIOTS BEFORE THEY START A PANIC.

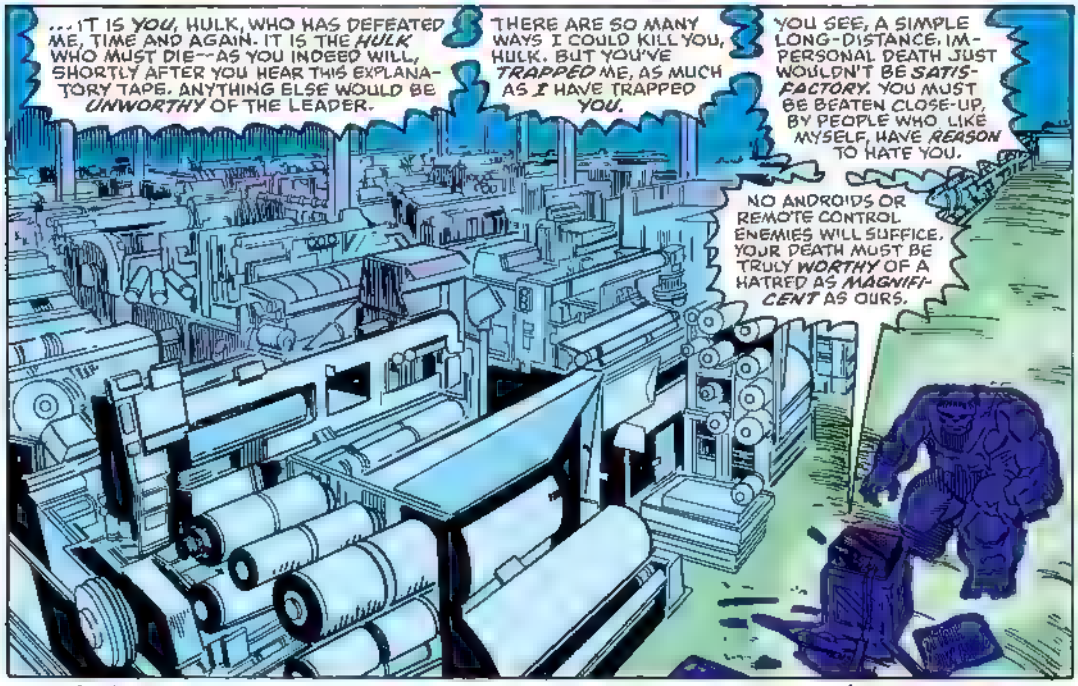

VREEEEEEE
AAAARRRRGGG
KRASH
COPS. WELL, WE EXPECTED THAT.
BUT WE'VE GOT SOMETHING THEY DON'T EXPECT.
IS IT SUNDOWN YET?
YEAH, IT'S SUNDOWN, ALL RIGHT.
WISH HE'D USE THE DOOR FOR ONCE.


KRUNCH
HEH HEH HEH
BOO.
BRUCE! OVER TH-
BRUCE CAN'T COME OUT TO PLAY RIGHT NOW.
OVER THERE! A TEXTILE FACTORY.
DIDN'T THE LEADER SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE FABRIC OF THE COMMUNITY?
CUTE.
EVERYONE IN THE VAN. NOW.
HULK WAIT! WRONG DIRECTION! THE FACTORY'S THE OTHER WAY.
HULK!
CLAM UP, JONES. THE LEADER'S PLAYING GAMES.
BUT I'M CHANGING THE RULES.

MOMENTS LATER, MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN...
THUMP
SNAP
SNAP
YOU BROKE OFF THE WHEELS! AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE US HERE? ARE YOU NUTS?!
NO, CLAY, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? HE DID IT TO PROTECT US, TO KEEP US FAR AWAY FROM DANGER. HE'S NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES
BULL, I JUST WANT THE LEADER FOR MYSELF, AND DON'T NEED THEM MUCKING THINGS UP.
BUT IF THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTS TO BELIEVE, SWELL, NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE, AND IF IT MAKES HER HAPPY.
LET HER HAVE A LITTLE HAPPINESS.
OKAY, IF HE'S NOT TAKING CHANCES..
NE, THER AM I, I'M CONTACTING SHIELD.
CLAY YOU CAN'T! YOU'RE A FUG TIVE.
THE LEADERS TAKING NOTHING FOR GRANTED. I CAN'T EITHER. BOTTOM LINE IS, THE LEADER HAS A GAMMA BOMB AND PEOPLE'S LIVES ARE AT STAKE WE CAN'T RISK IT.
BUT WHEN THOSE POLICEMEN REPORT THEY SAW THE HULK WON'T THAT GET THEM TO EVACUATE?

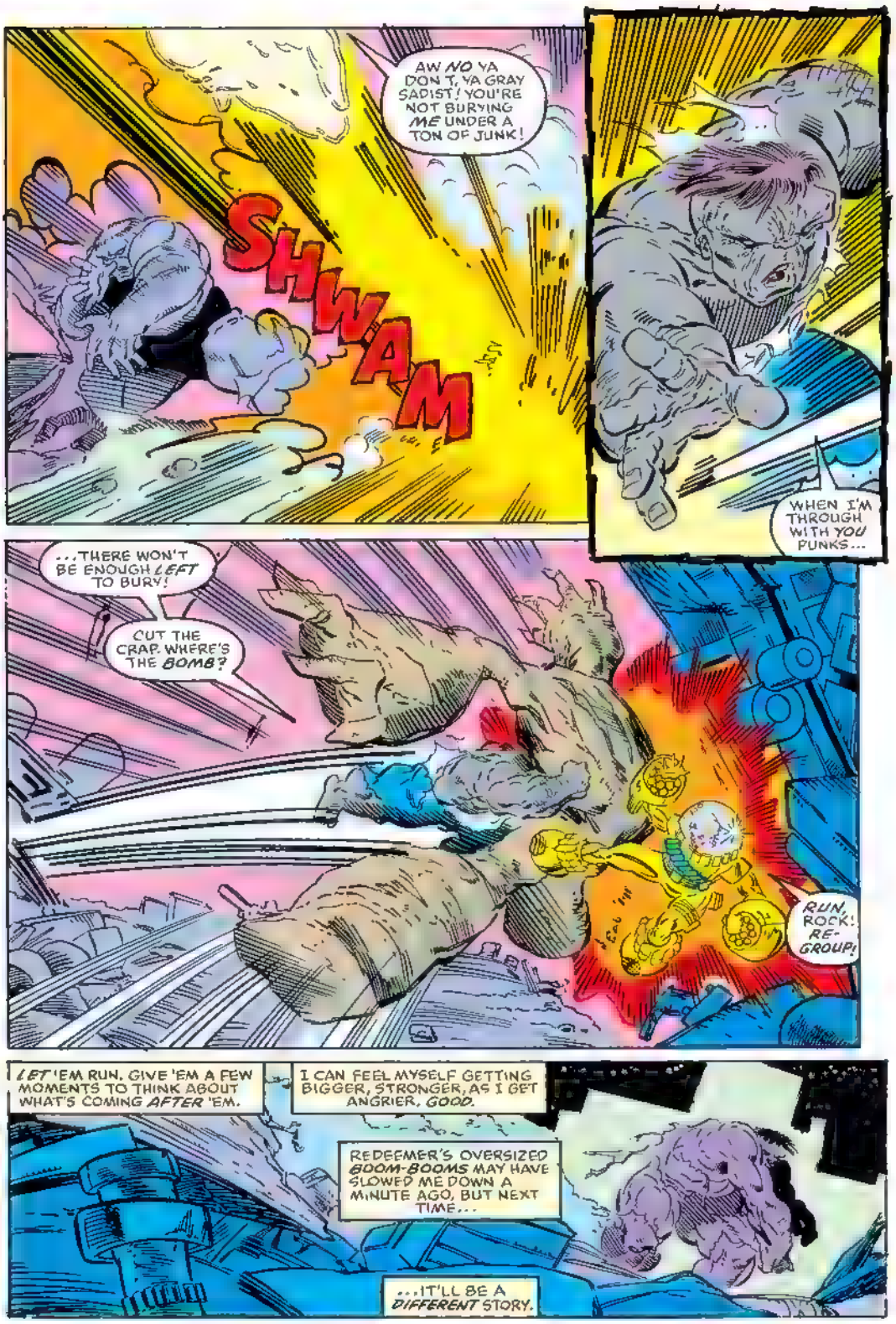
AND HE WAS GRAY, AND --
AND YOU WERE DRINKING ON DUTY, WEREN'T YOU, FROST?
SHE'S RIGHT, MAN. WHY STICK YOUR NECK IN A NOOSE WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO?
THOSE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR NECKS IN NOOSES AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT. AT LEAST I'M DOING IT OF MY OWN FREE WILL.
WHAT'S THE LINE FROM THAT VAMPIRE STORY? ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL?
THE INVITATION TO THE HELPLESS VICTIM.
I'LL BE HELPLESS WHEN I'M LAID OUT ON A SLAB.
MAYBE.
B-KASH
I SUCK IN DUST. THE PLACE IS ABANDONED. THE LEADER WAS NEVER HERE.
PLAY ME, HULK
NOPE MY MISTAKE.
I WONDER HOW MANY I'LL BE ALLOWED?
I HAVE NOTICED THAT MANY SO-CALLED "VILLAINS" FEEL CONSTRAINED TO LAY OUT THEIR PLANS JUST BEFORE THE --
KLUK
THE LEADER'S VOICE. I'D LIKE TO SHUT HIM UP PERMANENTLY.

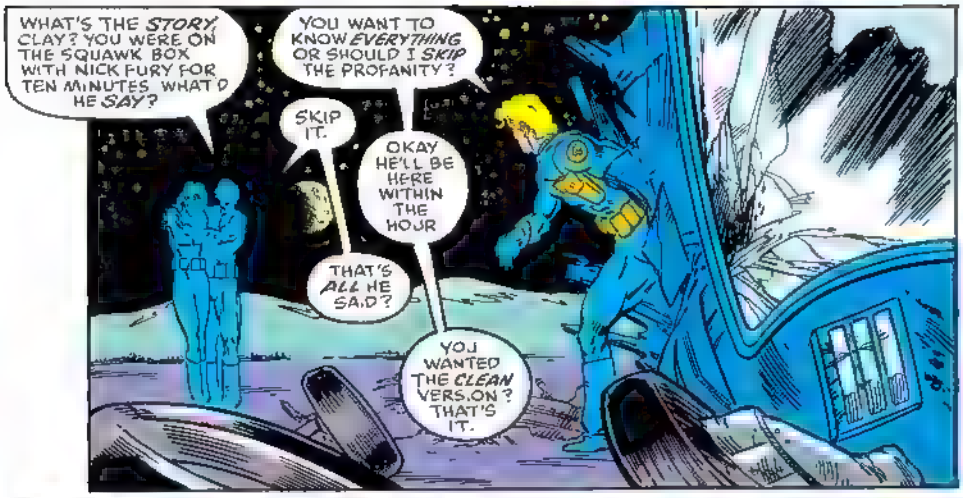

THERE! SO MUCH FOR THE "T" VOLUME. NOW ON TO "U".
RIP
RIP
C'MON, LOU GET ME AWAY FROM THIS PLACE.
ODD. THE PHONE'S DEAD. HOW CAN I CALL THE VICAR AND CONFESS TO WHAT I DID?
VIC SEEMED TO TAKE IT OKAY, BUT I COULD SEE IN HIS EYES HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.
I DON'T KNOW IF I DO, EITHER.

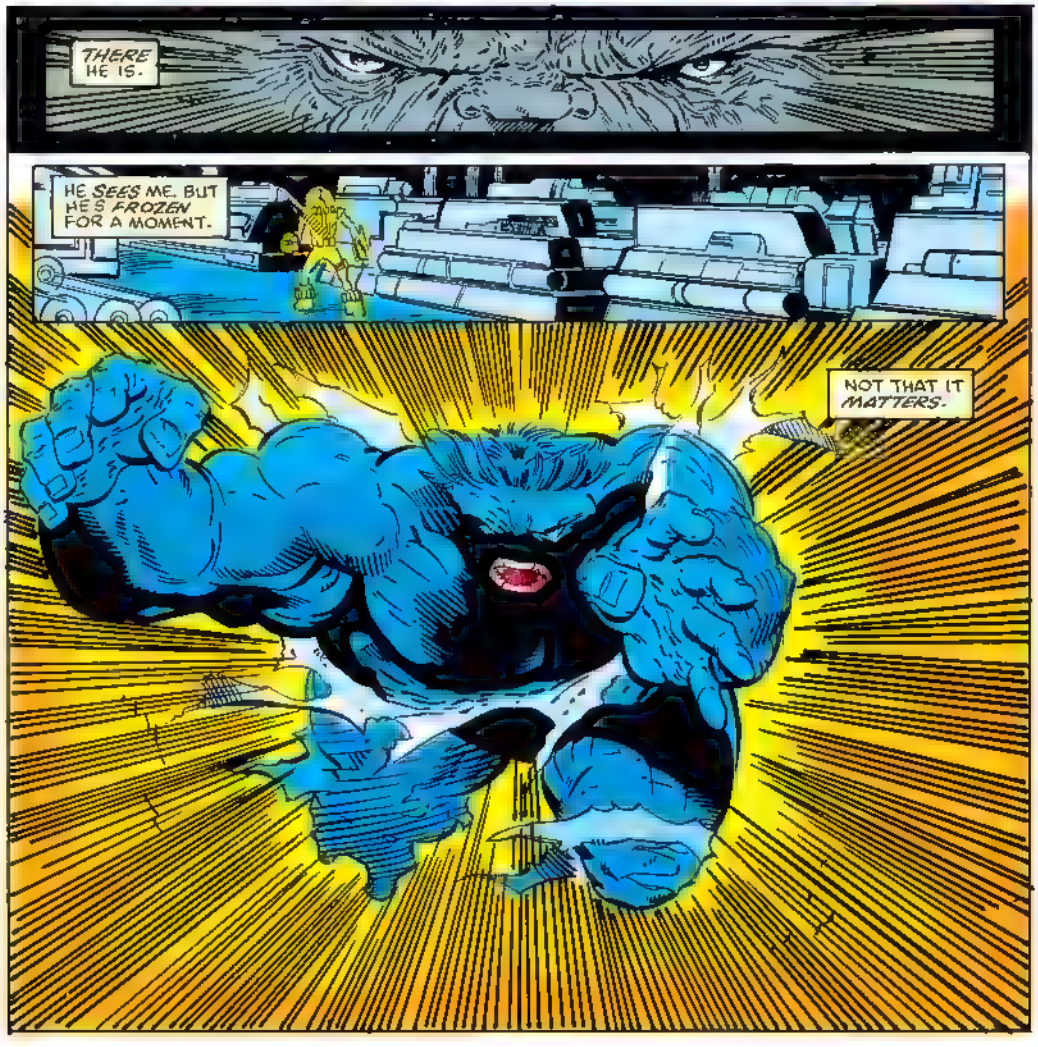

...IT IS YOU, HULK, WHO HAS DEFEATED ME, TIME AND AGAIN. IT IS THE HULK WHO MUST DIE--AS YOU INDEED WILL, SHORTLY AFTER YOU HEAR THIS EXPLANATORY TAPE. ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE UNWORTHY OF THE LEADER.
THERE ARE SO MANY WAYS I COULD KILL YOU, HULK. BUT YOU'VE TRAPPED ME, AS MUCH AS I HAVE TRAPPED YOU.
YOU SEE, A SIMPLE LONG-DISTANCE, IMPERSONAL DEATH JUST WOULDN'T BE SATISFACTORY. YOU MUST BE BEATEN CLOSE-UP, BY PEOPLE WHO LIKE MYSELF, HAVE REASON TO HATE YOU.
NO ANDROIDS OR REMOTE CONTROL ENEMIES WILL SUFFICE. YOUR DEATH MUST BE TRULY WORTHY OF A HATRED AS MAGNIFICENT AS OURS.

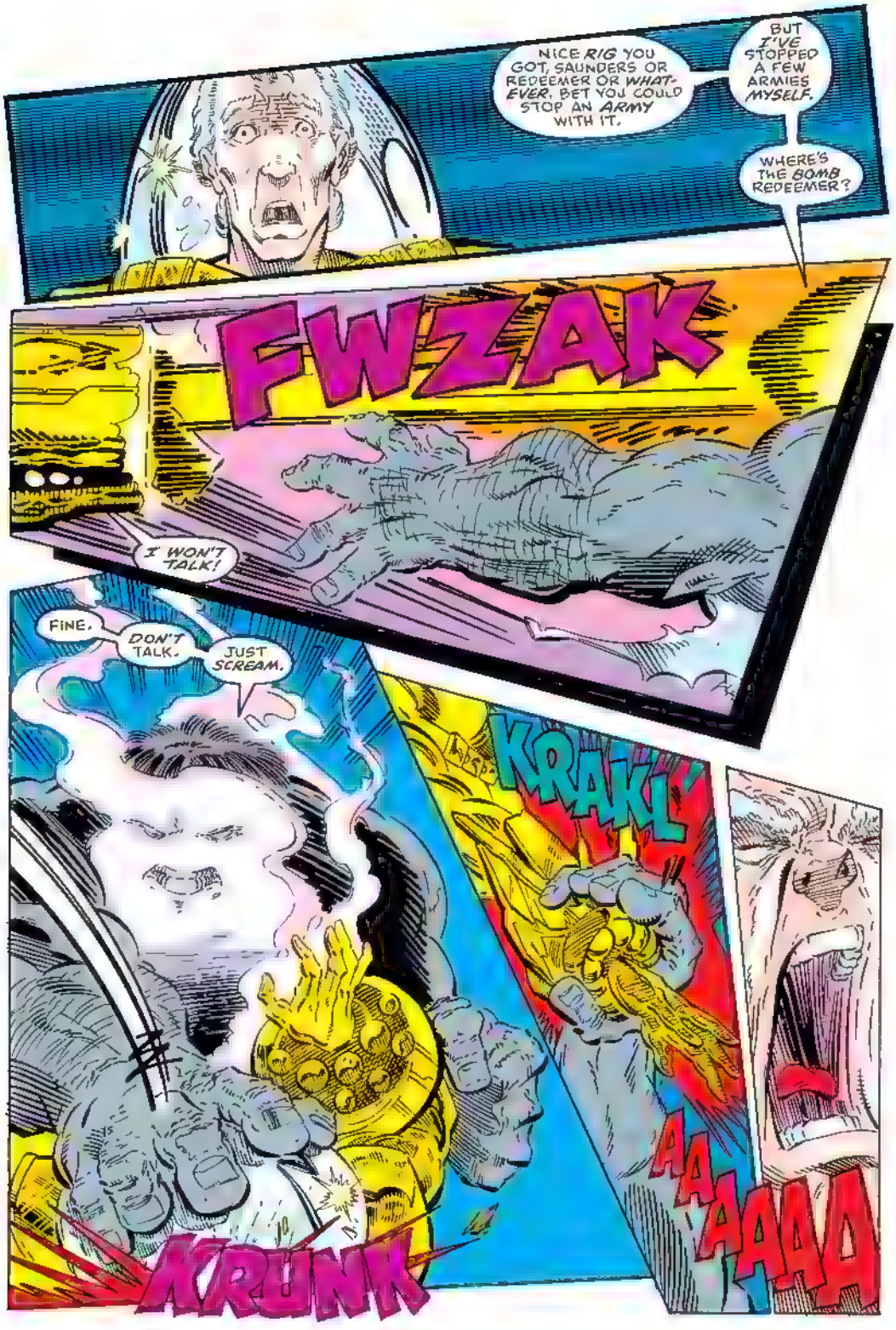
AND SO, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO.
ADIEU.

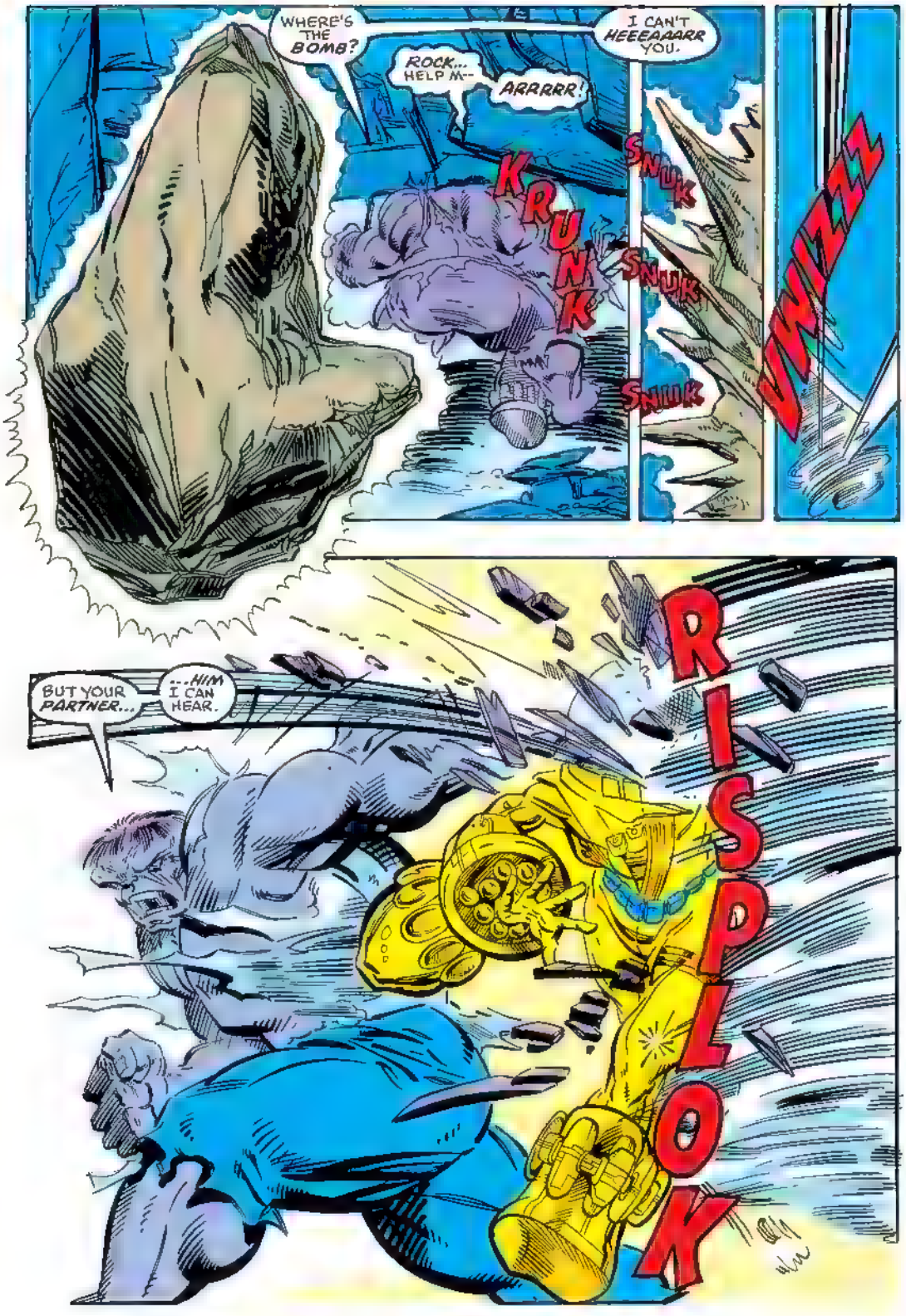
TAKE HIM, REDEEMER!
FWAKAZAM
HE'S TAKEN, ROCK!
ROCK...AND REDEEMER, HUH?
LOOKS LIKE THE OLD HULKBUSTERS.
WITH SOME NEW TRICKS.
NOW ME.. I ONLY NEED... WHAT I'VE ALWAYS NEEDED.
MY STRENGTH...
AND MY REALLY LOUSY TEMPER

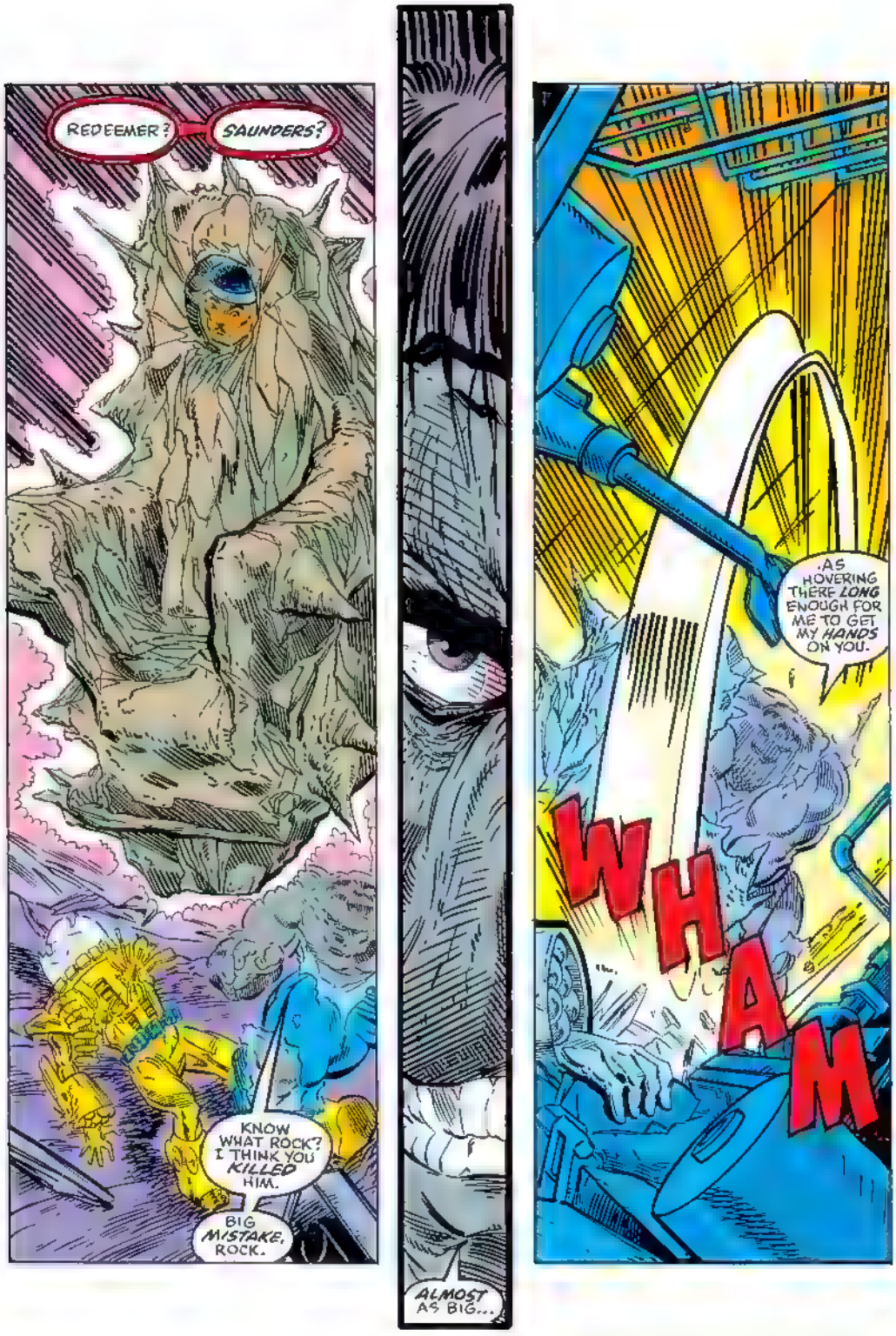

AW NO YA DON'T, YA GRAY SADIST! YOU'RE NOT BURYING ME UNDER A TON OF JUNK!
SHWAM
WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU PUNKS...
...THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT TO BURY!
CUT THE CRAP. WHERE'S THE BOMB?
RUN, ROCK! RE-GROUP!
LET 'EM RUN. GIVE 'EM A FEW MOMENTS TO THINK ABOUT WHAT'S COMING AFTER 'EM.
I CAN FEEL MYSELF GETTING BIGGER, STRONGER, AS I GET ANGRIER. GOOD.
REDEEMER'S OVERSIZED BOOM-BOOMS MAY HAVE SLOWED ME DOWN A MINUTE AGO, BUT NEXT TIME...
...IT'LL BE A DIFFERENT STORY.

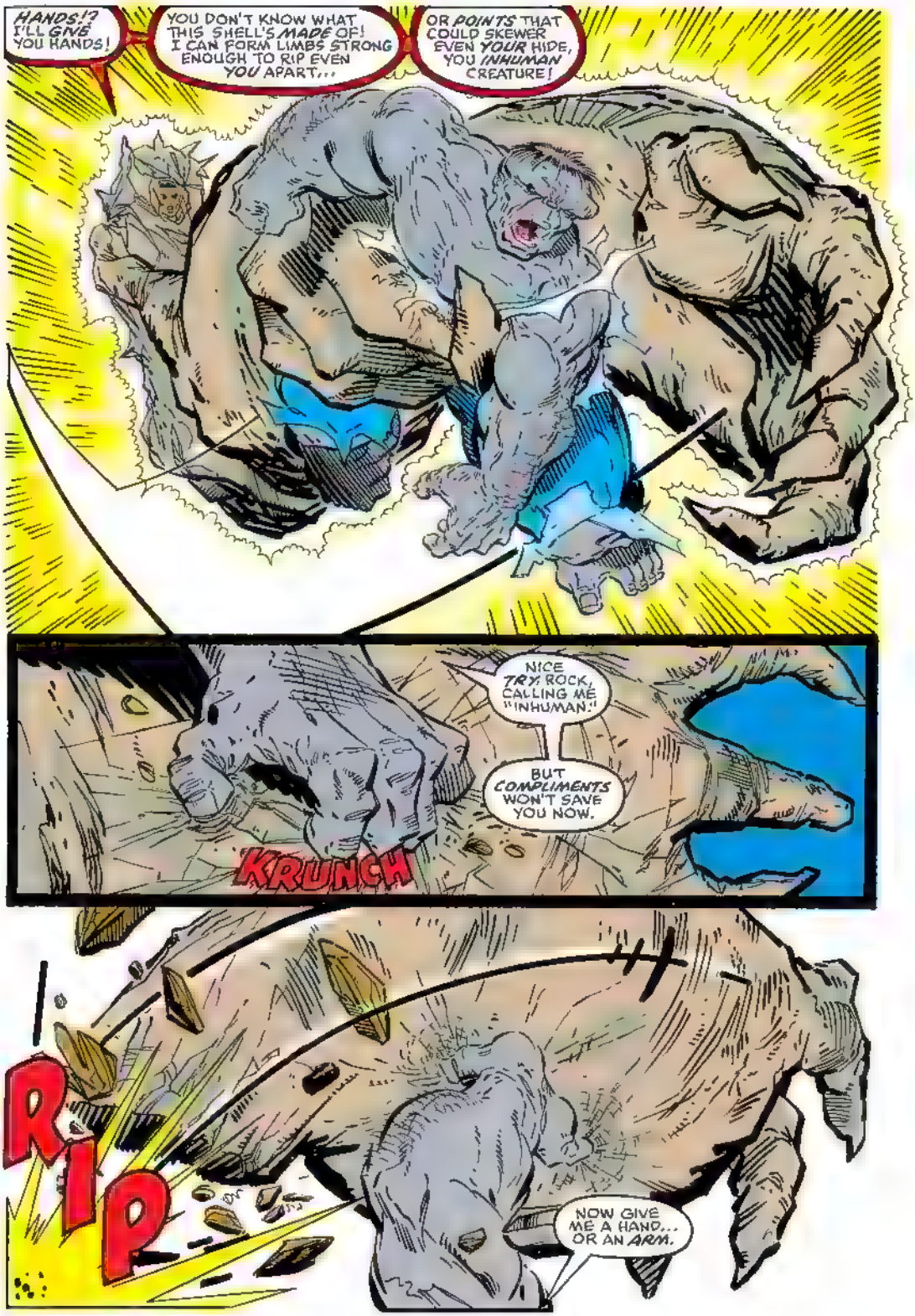

WHAT'S THE STORY, CLAY? YOU WERE ON THE SQUAWK BOX WITH NICK FURY FOR TEN MINUTES. WHAT'D HE SAY?
YOU WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING OR SHOULD I SKIP THE PROFANITY?
SKIP IT.
OKAY HE'LL BE HERE WITHIN THE HOUR
THAT'S ALL HE SAID?
YOU WANTED THE CLEAN VERSION? THAT'S IT.

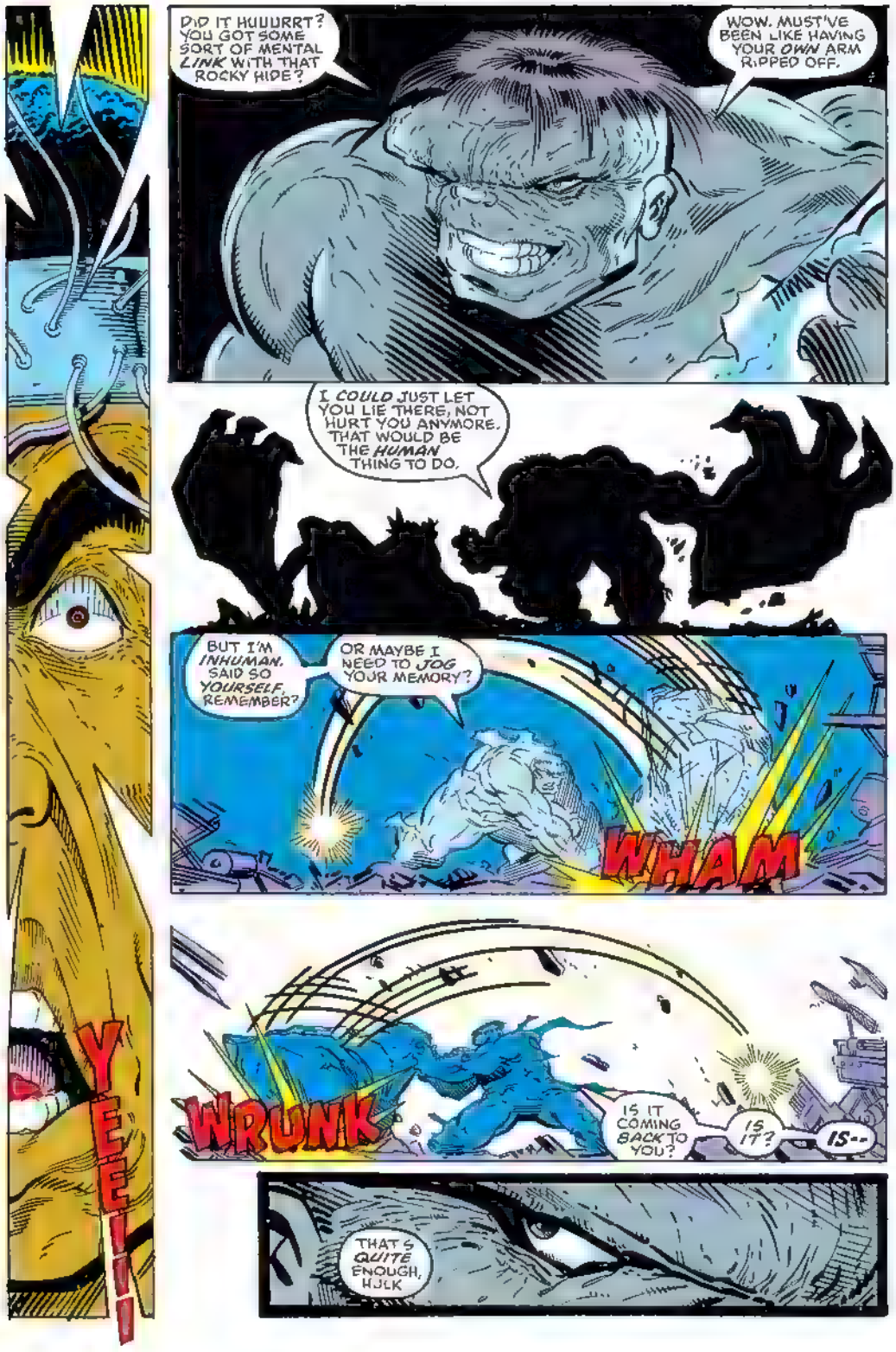

THERE HE IS.
HE SEES ME. BUT HE'S FROZEN FOR A MOMENT.
NOT THAT IT MATTERS.

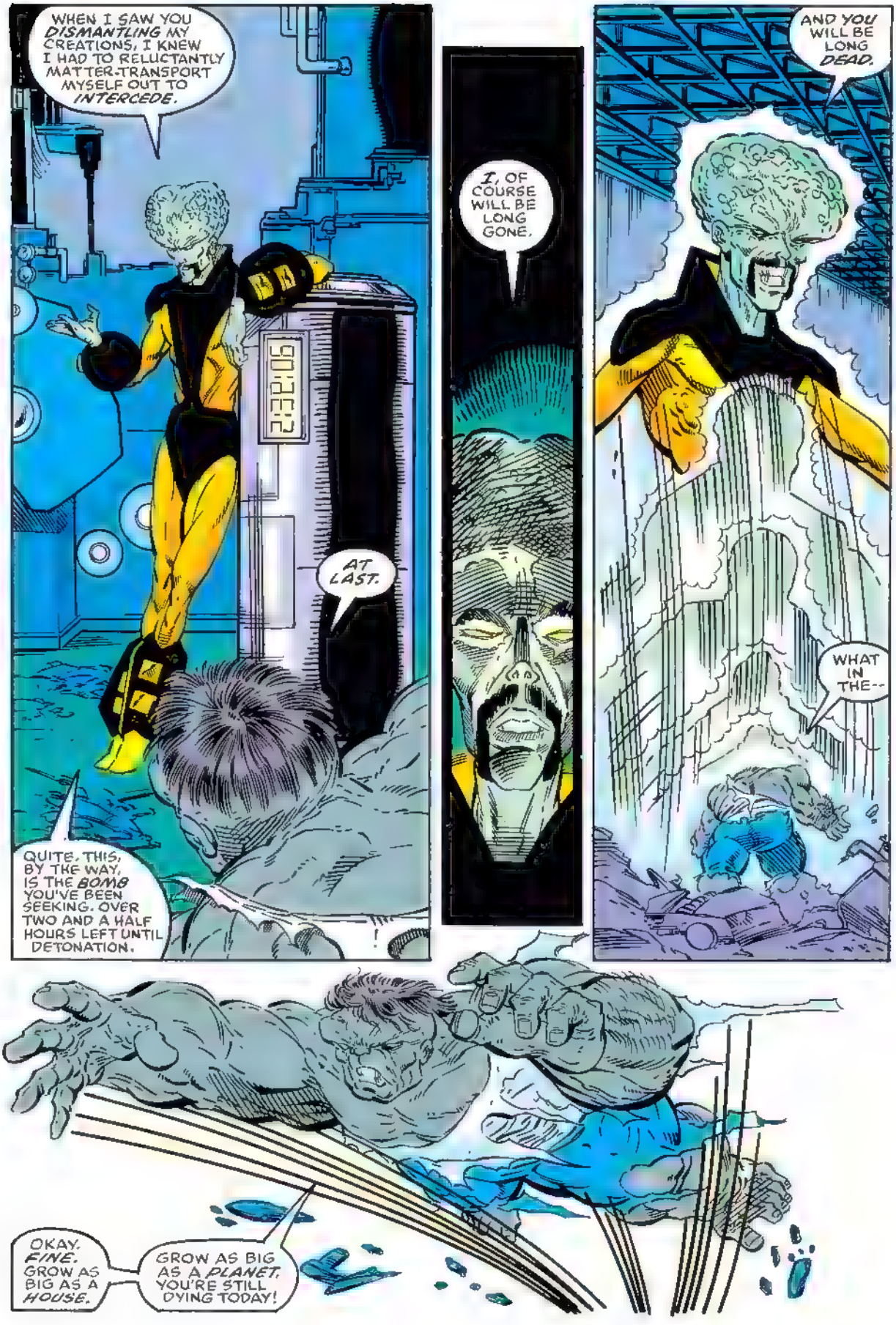

NICE RIG YOU GOT, SAUNDERS OR REDEEMER OR WHATEVER. BET YOU COULD STOP AN ARMY WITH IT.
BUT I'VE STOPPED A FEW ARMIES MYSELF.
WHERE'S THE BOMB REDEEMER?
FWZAK
I WON'T TALK!
FINE.
DON'T TALK.
JUST SCREAM.
KRAK!
AAAAAA
KRUNK


WHERE'S THE BOMB?
ROCK... HELP M--
ARRRRR!
I CAN'T HEEEAAARR YOU.
KRUNK
SNUK
SNUK
SNUK
VWIZZZ
BUT YOUR PARTNER...
...HIM I CAN HEAR.
RISPLOK

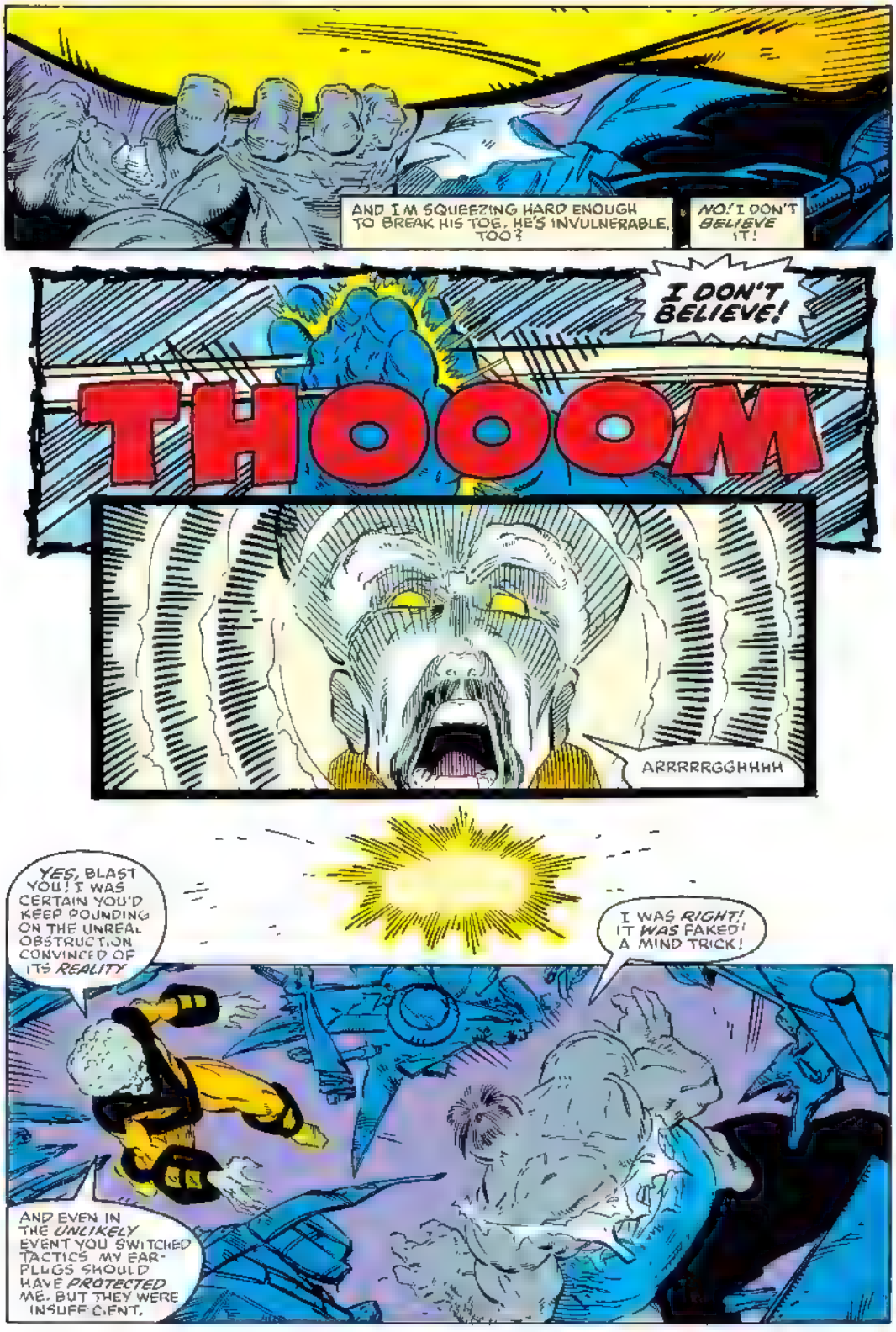

REDEEMER?
SAUNDERS?
KNOW WHAT ROCK? I THINK YOU KILLED HIM.
BIG MISTAKE, ROCK.
ALMOST AS BIG...
AS HOVERING THERE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET MY HANDS ON YOU.
WHAM

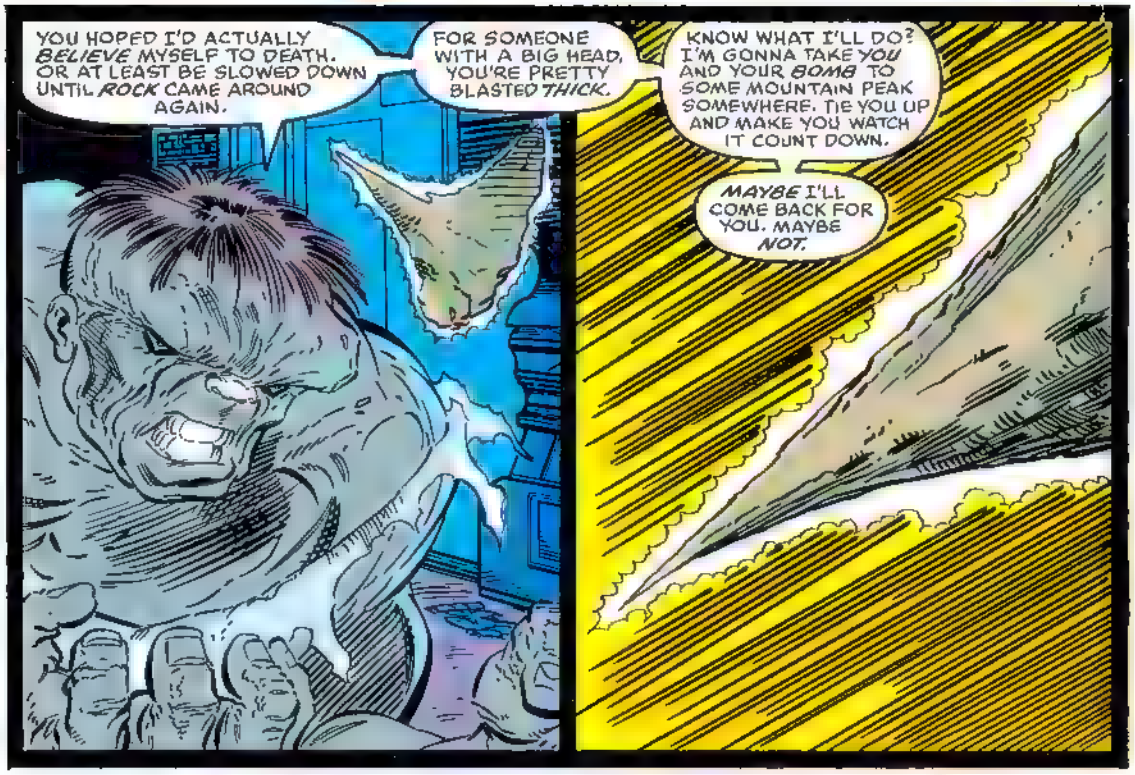

HANDS!? I'LL GIVE YOU HANDS!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS SHELL'S MADE OF! I CAN FORM LIMBS STRONG ENOUGH TO RIP EVEN YOU APART...
OR POINTS THAT COULD SKEWER EVEN YOUR HIDE, YOU INHUMAN CREATURE!
NICE TRY, ROCK, CALLING ME "INHUMAN!"
BUT COMPLIMENTS WON'T SAVE YOU NOW.
KRUNCH
RIP
NOW GIVE ME A HAND... OR AN ARM.

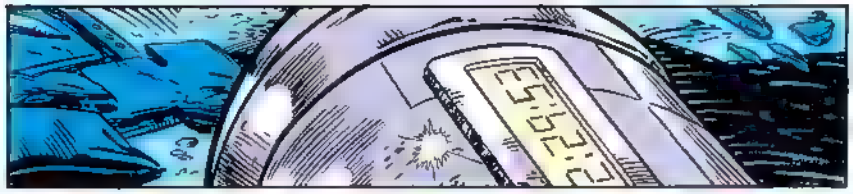

DID IT HUUURRT? YOU GOT SOME SORT OF MENTAL *LINK* WITH THAT ROCKY HIDE?
WOW. MUST'VE BEEN LIKE HAVING YOUR *OWN* ARM RIPPED OFF.
I *COULD* JUST LET YOU LIE THERE, NOT HURT YOU ANYMORE. THAT WOULD BE THE *HUMAN* THING TO DO.
BUT I'M *INHUMAN*, SAID SO *YOURSELF*, REMEMBER?
OR MAYBE I NEED TO *JOG* YOUR MEMORY?
WHAM
YEEE!!!
WRUNK
IS IT COMING BACK TO YOU?
IS IT?
IS--
THAT'S *QUITE* ENOUGH, HULK


WHEN I SAW YOU DISMANTLING MY CREATIONS, I KNEW I HAD TO RELUCTANTLY MATTER-TRANSPORT MYSELF OUT TO INTERCEDE.
AT LAST.
QUITE. THIS, BY THE WAY, IS THE BOMB YOU'VE BEEN SEEKING. OVER TWO AND A HALF HOURS LEFT UNTIL DETONATION.
I, OF COURSE WILL BE LONG GONE.
AND YOU WILL BE LONG DEAD.
WHAT IN THE--
OKAY. FINE. GROW AS BIG AS A HOUSE.
GROW AS BIG AS A PLANET. YOU'RE STILL DYING TODAY!

BIG TALK FROM A *LITTLE* MONSTER.
I WISH I COULD CONTROL YOU BY TOUCH, AS I DO *OTHERS*...
SMAK
BUT I'VE RUN TESTS. MY POWER WON'T WORK ON *OTHER* GAMMA-IRRADIATED BEINGS.
YOU CAN'T TOSS *ME* AROUND! I'LL--
THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY-- FOR THE *MOMENT*. I CAN DO WHATEVER I *WANT*.
AND WHAT I *WANT* IS TO *CRUSH* YOU LIKE THE COCKROACH THAT YOU ARE.
SPLUTCH
HOW'S IT *POSSIBLE*? AND *WHY*? IF HE HAS *THIS* KIND OF POWER...
WHY'D HE NEED ROCK AND REDEEMER? WHY'D HE NEED *ANYBODY*?

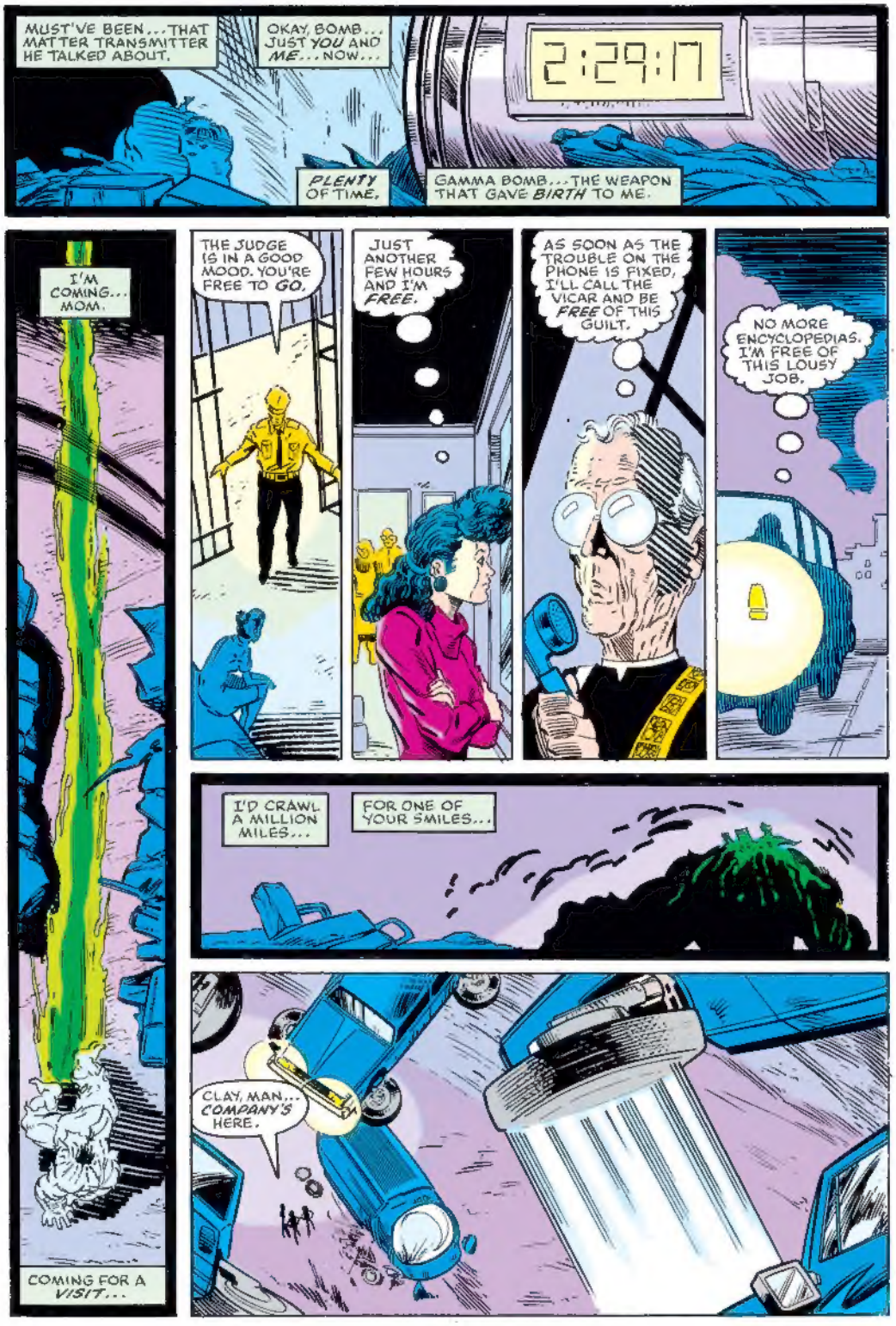

AND I'M SQUEEZING HARD ENOUGH TO BREAK HIS TOE. HE'S INVULNERABLE, TOO?
NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
I DON'T BELIEVE!
THOOOM
ARRRRRGGHHHH
YES, BLAST YOU! I WAS CERTAIN YOU'D KEEP POUNDING ON THE UNREAL OBSTRUCTION, CONVINCED OF ITS REALITY!
I WAS RIGHT! IT WAS FAKE! A MIND TRICK!
AND EVEN IN THE UNLIKELY EVENT YOU SWITCHED TACTICS, MY EAR-PLUGS SHOULD HAVE PROTECTED ME. BUT THEY WERE INSUFFICIENT.

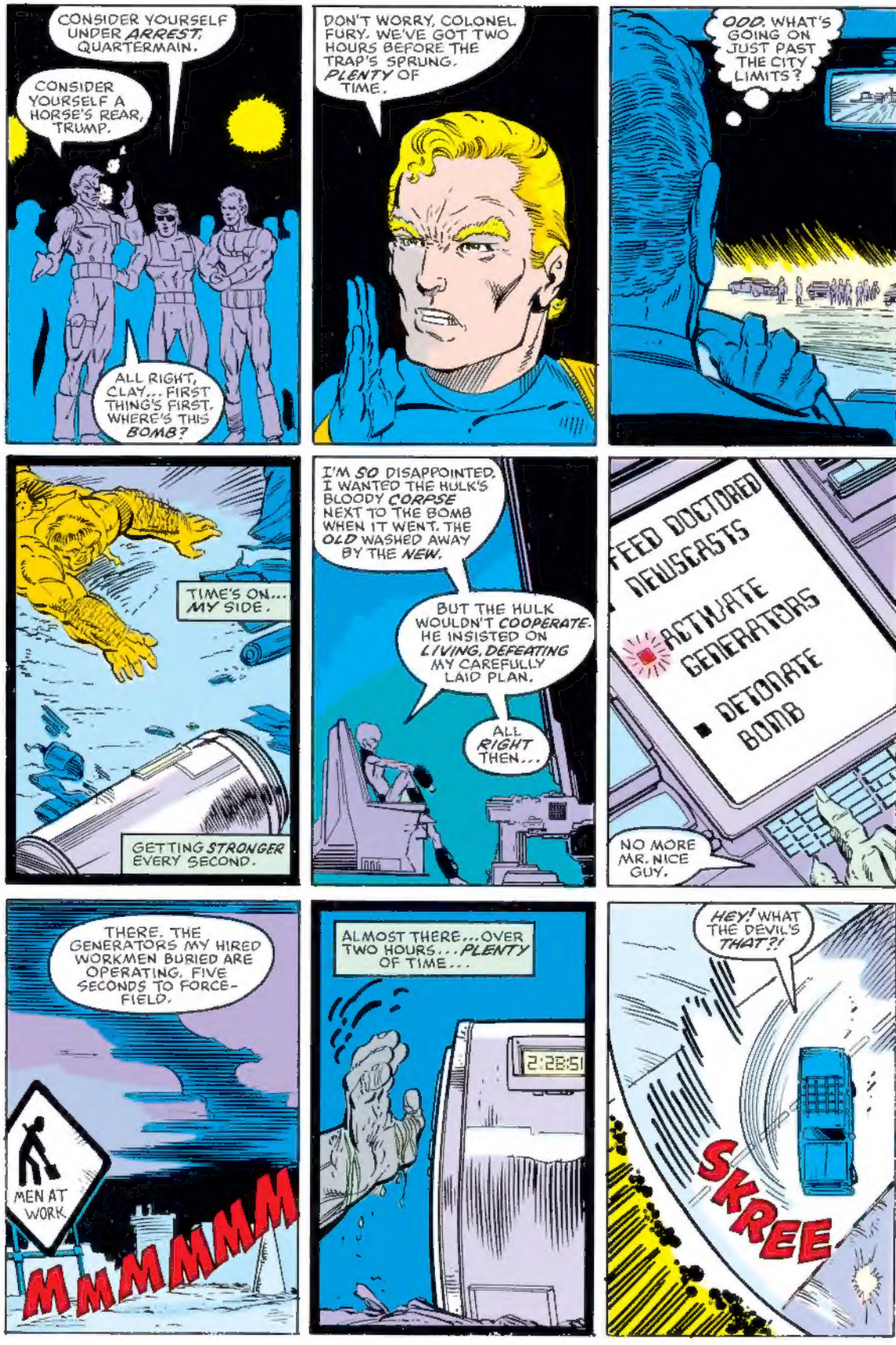

YOU HOPED I'D ACTUALLY *BELIEVE* MYSELF TO DEATH. OR AT LEAST BE SLOWED DOWN UNTIL *ROCK* CAME AROUND AGAIN.
FOR SOMEONE WITH A BIG HEAD, YOU'RE PRETTY BLASTED *THICK*.
KNOW WHAT I'LL DO? I'M GONNA TAKE *YOU* AND YOUR *BOMB* TO SOME MOUNTAIN PEAK SOMEWHERE. TIE YOU UP AND MAKE YOU WATCH IT COUNT DOWN.
MAYBE I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU. MAYBE *NOT*.



HULK...
...LOOK *BEHIND* YOU, ROCK'S HEADING YOUR WAY.
OH, *RIGHT*...

NEXT THING YOU'LL SAY MY SHOE'S UNT--
IIEEE
FINISH HIM, ROCK!
CAN'T ...NO STRENGTH ...LEFT..
I'LL KILL YOU!
I BELIEVE YOU WOULD ..BUT WE MUST BE GOING.


MUST'VE BEEN... THAT MATTER TRANSMITTER HE TALKED ABOUT.
OKAY, BOMB... JUST YOU AND ME... NOW...
2:29:17
PLENTY OF TIME.
GAMMA BOMB... THE WEAPON THAT GAVE BIRTH TO ME.
I'M COMING... MOM.
COMING FOR A VISIT...
THE JUDGE IS IN A GOOD MOOD. YOU'RE FREE TO GO.
JUST ANOTHER FEW HOURS AND I'M FREE.
AS SOON AS THE TROUBLE ON THE PHONE IS FIXED, I'LL CALL THE VICAR AND BE FREE OF THIS GUILT.
NO MORE ENCYCLOPEDIAS. I'M FREE OF THIS LOUSY JOB.
I'D CRAWL A MILLION MILES...
FOR ONE OF YOUR SMILES...
CLAY, MAN... COMPANY'S HERE.


CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST, QUARTERMAIN.
CONSIDER YOURSELF A HORSE'S REAR, TRUMP.
ALL RIGHT, CLAY... FIRST THING'S FIRST. WHERE'S THIS BOMB?
DON'T WORRY, COLONEL FURY. WE'VE GOT TWO HOURS BEFORE THE TRAP'S SPRUNG. PLENTY OF TIME.
OOO. WHAT'S GOING ON JUST PAST THE CITY LIMITS?
TIME'S ON... MY SIDE.
GETTING STRONGER EVERY SECOND.
I'M SO DISAPPOINTED. I WANTED THE HULK'S BLOODY CORPSE NEXT TO THE BOMB WHEN IT WENT. THE OLD WASHED AWAY BY THE NEW.
BUT THE HULK WOULDN'T COOPERATE. HE INSISTED ON LIVING, DEFEATING MY CAREFULLY LAID PLAN.
ALL RIGHT THEN...
FEED DOCTORED NEWSCASTS
ACTIVATE GENERATORS
DETONATE BOMB
NO MORE MR. NICE GUY.
THERE. THE GENERATORS MY HIRED WORKMEN BURIED ARE OPERATING. FIVE SECONDS TO FORCE-FIELD.
MEN AT WORK
MMMMMM
ALMOST THERE... OVER TWO HOURS... PLENTY OF TIME...
2:28:51
HEY! WHAT THE DEVIL'S THAT?!
SKREE

NICK! IT'S SOME KIND OF FORCE-FIELD!
IT'S COVERED THE WHOLE TOWN! WE CAN'T GET THROUGH TO IT!
I SEE HIM SHOUTING, BUT NO SOUND'S COMING OUT.
READ MY LIPS, FELLA! JUST... HOLD...ON... WE'LL...GET... YOU...OUT...
I DID IT!
GOOD-BYE, HULK.
ACTIVATE GENERATORS
DETONATE BOMB PREMATURELY
FIVE SECONDS.
UH OH.
VREEE
BRUCE!
EEEE
BETTY...